THE

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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX. MAY 1, 1820. No. LIII.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The friend who has favoured us with a letter on the subject of the Generous Lover, *is informed, that that interesting tale will be continued in our next Number.*

We hope to hear from Peregrine *in reply to* Domo, *whose letter is inserted in our present Number.*

A continuation of the favours of C. F. W. *is requested.*

We have to apologize this month to our Poetical Contributors, whose communications are unavoidably postponed by a press of temporary matter. Saccharissa's *translation shall certainly appear in our next.*

We are somewhat surprised not to have heard from the author of Dialogues of the Living.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 187.)

PLATE 25.—AN APIARY.

The cultivation of bees as a rural amusement, gives occasion for the annexed plate, presenting a subject for garden embellishment; for few studies afford more satisfactory results to persons of leisure and reflection, than are to be obtained by contemplating the habits and conduct of these little animals, from which just lessons of prudence, industry, and social virtue, may be as perfectly acquired, as from the deep-studied instruction of the schools.

The design for an apiary is given as an ornamental reception for the hives, which are, as usual, placed on forms, and sheltered by a roofing, which encompasses them from the ground in an arched canopy covered with reeds, and lined, beneath an opening to admit a free current of air, with straw mattings, similar to the hives themselves, the more fully to screen the hives from the excessive heat which transpires from other roofings, and is injurious to their contents. The back of this erection is supposed to be glass, through which the bees would be visible from the walk behind it; and the wire fence is placed on each side as a guard, to prevent the too near approach of persons, who would be liable to attack from their offended government, always prepared to repulse intruders. An apiary should be remote from the farm and domestic offices, and placed under the care of the gardener, near to whose labours it is best situated, and whose gardens, plantations, and orchards, afford the means for an abundant produce of wax and honey.

Bees affect warmth, and need ample shelter: their abodes should therefore present to the southward, and be protected from the north and east winds particularly, and from the driving rains of the south-west; they should be so constructed also as to be screened from the intense cold of winter, by which the honey becomes candied: thus

it will appear, that the apiary should be situated in low and sheltered spots, that a medium temperature may be more readily obtained and preserved.

Water is essential to bees, and should be near their abode: a small pool is therefore introduced in the design; and as a receptacle also for valuable aquatic plants.

MISCELLANIES.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. MONTAGU.

We continue our extracts from the unpublished Correspondence of Mrs. Montagu. We can present our readers with nothing more interesting or gratifying.

Mrs. Montagu *to Mrs.* Robinson, *at Naples.*

Hill-street, Feb. 26, 1762.

*** I long most impatiently to hear of your safe recovery, and the health of the little one, who is to repay you for all the trouble his first stage of life will give you. Patience and good humour, which you possess in a high degree, greatly mitigate all sufferings. Those who have most self-love, by a strange blindness to their interest, have usually the least of that noble panacea, patience; which only can heal all the wounds, the rubs, and the scratches one receives in this rough world. I believe you found it an excellent fellow-traveller through Spain: it makes a smooth road where the pick-axe has never levelled the inequalities, and softens the mattress and pillow. I am under some anxiety, lest our rupture with Spain should occasion you any inconvenience.

I am so poor a politician, that, if I durst write on the subject, I should be able to give you but a lame account of the situation of affairs here. In the House of Commons, every boy who can articulate is a speaker, to the great dispatch of business, and solidity of counsels. They sit late every night, as every young gentleman who has a handsome person, a fine coat, a well-shaped leg, or a clear voice, is to exhibit these advantages.

To this kind of beau-oratory and tea-table talk, the ladies, as is reasonable, resorted very constantly. At first they attended in such numbers as to fill the body of the house, on great political questions. Having all their lives been aiming at conquests, committing murders, and enslaving mankind, they were for most violent and bloody measures; desirous of a war with Spain and France, fond of battles on the Continent, and delighted with the prospect of victories in the East and West Indies. They wished to see the chariot of their favourite minister drawn, like that of the great Sesostris, by six captive kings!

Much glory might have accrued to Great Britain from this martial spirit in the ladies; but, whether by private contrivance, or that of a party who are inclined to pacific measures, I do not know, a ghost started up in a dirty obscure alley in the city, and diverted the atten-

tion of the female politicians, from the glory of their country, to an inquiry, why Miss Fanny ——, who died of the small-pox two years ago, and suffered herself to be buried, does now appear in the shape of the sound of a hammer, and rap and scratch at the head of Miss Parson's bed, the daughter of a parish-clerk?

As I suppose you read the newspapers, you will see mention of the ghost; but without you were here upon the spot, you could never conceive, that the most bungling performance of the silliest imposture could take up the attention and conversation of all the fine world; and as the ways of the *beau-monde* are always in contradiction to the Gospel, they are determined to shew, that, though they do not believe in Moses and the prophets, they would believe if one were to come from the dead, though it was only to play tricks like a rat behind a wainscot! You must not indeed regret being absent while this farce is going on. There will be an Elizabeth Canning, or a Man in a Bottle, or some other folly, for the amusement of this frivolous generation, at all times!

But you have some reason to regret having missed the coronation, perhaps the finest spectacle in the world. As all old customs are kept up in this ceremony, there is a mixture of chivalry and popery, and many circumstances that took their rise in the barbarism of former times, and which appear now very uncouth; but, upon the whole, it is very august and magnificent.

The fine person of our young sovereign was a great addition to the spectacle; but the peers and peeresses made the chief parade on the occasion. Almost all the nobility, whom age and infirmities did not incapacitate, walked in the procession. The jewels that were worn on the occasion, would have made you imagine, that the diamond mines were in the King of Great Britain's dominions. On the king's wedding, there appeared the greatest parade of fine clothes I ever saw.

This winter has been very gay as to amusements. Never did we see light from the sun, or a greater blaze of wax candles! The presence of the Duke of Mecklenburg, the queen's youngest brother, has given occasion to many balls and assemblies. The queen has not an evening drawing-room: they have sometimes balls at St. James's; but in general their majesties spend their time in private, or at Leicester-House, where the princess dowager hardly keeps up the air of a court. The D. of Y— makes himself amends for want of princely pastimes by very familiarly frequenting all the public diversions; and has shared in the amusements of the ghost at Cock-lane. As all are equal in the grave, a ghost may be company for the Grand Seignior, without disparagement to human grandeur! Our young queen has a polite address, and even her civilities in the circle seem to flow from good humour. She is cheerful, easy, and artless in her manners, which greatly charms the king, who, by his situation, is surrounded by solemnity, ceremony, &c.

I had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Pitt, that you and my

brother were in good health. You had a great loss in Mr. Pitt's* leaving Naples; he shines first amongst his young countrymen, even here. He is to dine here to-day with Mrs. Lyttelton, and the Bishop of Carlisle†, a new bishop, but who has long had every qualification to grace the Reverend Bench.

You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage, Lady Mary Wortley. When Nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, Time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved, when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory, which perhaps is unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her, because her husband and mine were cousin-germans‡; and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and, you may imagine, entertained, by one, who neither thinks, speaks, acts, or dresses, like any body else. Her domestic is made up of all nations; and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first story of the tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of Parliament*.

* I presume, the first Lord Camelford.

† This bishop was Dr. Charles Lyttelton.

‡ Lady Mary's husband, Wortley Montagu, was son of Sidney Montagu, second son of the first Earl of Sandwich. He died 22d Jan. 1761, aged eighty. Mrs. Montagu's husband, Edward Montagu, was son of Charles Montagu, fifth son of the first Earl of Sandwich. He was of Sandleford in Berks, and Denton in Northumberland, and died 1775. His sister Jemima married Sir Sydney Meadows.

* In another letter, dated the 8th Oct. following, Mrs. Montagu writes thus: "Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper, the most virulent cancer ever heard of, which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June, and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her drowsy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, might possibly have saved her.

"She left her son one guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him, a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself at one time to Rabbinical learning; and then travel all over the East, the great itinerant *savant* of the world. One has read, that the great believers in the transmigration of souls, suppose a man who has been rapacious and cunning, does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf. But I believe my poor cousin, in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He

My father, brother Morris, and brother Charles, are in town. My brother Robinson has been in Kent most part of the winter. I made my sister a visit at Bath-Easton, just before the meeting of the Parliament in November. I had the happiness of finding her in better health than usual. Lady Bab Montagu is much recovered of late. I am surprised she did not try, what a change of climate would do in her favour.

I own I have such a spirit of rambling, I want nothing but liberty to indulge it, to carry me as far as Rome. I believe, I should make it the limit of my curiosity. Its ancient greatness, and its present splendour, make it the object most worth one's attention. I hope his Holiness would pardon a heretic for reverencing the curule, more than the papal, chair. One must, however, own, that if imperial Rome was unrivalled in greatness, papal Rome has been unparalleled in policy. I leave to heroes and statesmen to dispute, whether force or cunning is the most honourable means to establish power. One calls violence valour; the other civilly terms fraud wisdom: plain sense and plain honesty cannot reverence either.

I am very sorry that you have lost Sir Francis Eyles: an agreeable friend is greatly missed in all situations; but must be particularly so in a foreign country. I envy you the opportunities you have of getting a familiar acquaintance with the Italian language. I should be much obliged to you, if you could get me all the works of Paulus Jovius in Latin; Thucydides's History, translated into Italian by Francisco di Soldo Strozzi, a quarto edition, 1563; History of Naples by Angelo di Costanza, a folio, 1582; the best translation of Demosthenes; the poetical works of Vittoria Colonna, of Carlo Marrat's daughter, and La Conquista di Granada; all Cardinal Bembo's works; the History of the Incas by Garcilessa de la Vega, in Spanish. If you could any where pick up the old French romance of Perce Forest, I should be glad of it; and also L'Histoire du Port Royal. I should be glad of the Life of Vittoria Colonna, but do not know in what language it is written.

The town is now in a great uproar from an outrageous piece of gallantry, as it is called, of the young Earl of ***, who has carried off Miss *** ***, as it is said, to Holland. He wrote a letter to his wife, one of the best and most beautiful women in the world, to tell her he had quitted her for ever; that she was too good and too tender for him; and he had so violent a passion for Missy, he could not help doing as he did. It will not be long before

the maid
Will weep the fury of her love betray'd.

—His affections are as uncertain, as they are unlawful and ungenerous. Nothing more than a to-

has run through them all unsuccessfully enough. His dispute with Mr. Needham has been communicated to me by a gentleman of the Museum; and I think he will gain no laurels there: but he speaks as decisively, as if he had been bred in Pharaoh's court, in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts, but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius."

tal want of honour and honesty, is necessary to make a man follow the dictates of a loose unbridled passion. But what could prevail on the unhappy girl to quit her parents, country, reputation, and all her future hopes in life, one cannot imagine! One should hardly imagine too, that a girl, who has flirted for some years with the pretty men in town,

> Has been finest at every fine show,*
> And frolic'd it all the long day,

should be taken with the simple passion of some village nymph, single out her shepherd, and live under a mountain by the purling of a rill, contentedly,

> "The world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

It seems Miss *** *** was a great lover of French novels, and much enamoured of Mr. Rousseau's Julie. How much have these writers to answer for, who make vice into a regular system, gild it with specious colours, and deceive the mind into guilt, it would have started at without the aid of art and cheat of sentiment! I have wrote the names of the delinquents very plain, as God forbid their crime should be imputed to any innocent person. There is danger of that, if one does not explain oneself.

I believe one may affirm, though it is not declared in form, that our young queen is in a way to promise us an heir to Great Britain in a few months. Lady Sarah Lennox is very soon to be married to Sir William Bunbury's son; and Lady Raymond, it is said, to Lord Robert Bertie. Mr. Beauclerk was to have been married to Miss Draycott; but, by a certain coldness in his manner, she fancied her leadmines were rather the objects of his love than herself; and so, after the licence was taken out, she gave him his *congé*. Rosamond's pond was never thought of by the forsaken swain. His prudent parents thought of the transmutation of metals, and to how much gold the lead might have been changed; and rather regret the loss.

I am very glad you have the good fortune to have Sir Richard Lyttelton and the Duchess of Bridgwater at Naples. I know not any house where the sweet civilities of life are so well dispensed, as at theirs. Sir Richard adds, to elegance of manners, a most agreeable vivacity and wit in conversation. He was made for society, such as society should be. I shall be glad, when you write, to hear of the Duchess of Bridgwater's health, and the recovery of Sir Richard's legs: though he sits smilingly in his great chair with constant good humour, it is pity he should be confined to it! I wish you would present my compliments to him and my Lady Duchess.

In the way of public news, I should tell you, Lord Halifax is adored in Ireland.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

For the REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

I RESUME the subject of my communication inserted in your *Repository* of last month.

Puttenham was not the only writer of that age who employed himself in answering the invectives of the Puritans. The Earl

of Northampton, the second son of the Earl of Surry, took the side perhaps of policy, and certainly of the queen's affections, and wrote a little tract in favour of the match between herself and the Duke of Anjou, expressly in reply to the pamphlet of Stubbs's "Discovery of a gaping Gulph." It is in the Harleian MSS. under the title of "The Earl of Northampton his Defence of the French Monsieur's desiring Queen Elizabeth in Marriage." The tract was written about 1581; and in 1585, the earl, in order to ingratiate himself the more with the queen, brought forth a long and laborious work, entitled "A dutiful Defence of the lawful Regiment of Women;" with a dedication, of considerable length, to his royal mistress, couched in the most flattering language. The book is divided into three parts, and professes to be "An Answer to all the false and frivolous objections which have been most unjustly countenanced with deceitful colours." But the Puritans were not to be daunted by even such a writer as Northampton; and John Penry and John Udall, the principal authors of the pamphlets, continued to publish their libels upon the prelates,

> "As if religion were intended
> For nothing else but to be mended."

"In the year 1588, came out those hateful libels of Martin Mar-prelate," says Sir George Paule, in his Life of Archbishop Whitgift; "and about the same time, The Epitome, The Demonstration of Discipline, The Supplication, Martin Junior, Martin Senior, and other such bastardly pamphlets, which might well be *nullius filii*, because no man durst father their births." These were all printed with a kind of wandering press, which was first set up at Moulsey, next at Kingston-upon-Thames, and after having travelled through various parts of the country, established itself near Manchester, where, by the means of the Earl of Derby, the press was discovered in printing "More Work for a Cooper." The printers were apprehended, and were proceeded against in the Star Chamber. Cartwright, Field, and Wilcox, also published scurrilous calumniations against the established government, and, together with their brethren, were determined to

> "Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

The strange and unaccountable ideas which Elizabeth entertained with respect to matrimony, seem not to have been confined to her own circumstances. Naturally of a tyrannical and overbearing disposition, she, on some occasions, had prevented the marriage of her courtiers and maids of honour; and on others had, though with little effect, forbidden the bans. The circumstances connected with the marriage of Sir Walter Raleigh, are remarkable for this exercise of her arbitrary power. An anecdote has been related by Sir John Harington, and preserved in the "Nugæ Antiquæ," which is another proof of her disinclination to matrimony.

"I will tell you more of her majesty's discretion and wonder-working to those about her, touching their minds and opinions. She did oft ask the ladies around the

chamber, if they loved to think of marriage? And the wise ones did conceal well their liking hereto, as knowing the queen's judgment in this matter. Sir Matthew Arundel's fair cousin, not knowing so deeply as her fellows, was asked one day hereof, and simply said, 'She had thought much about marriage, if her father did consent to the man she loved.'—'You seem honest, I'faith,' said the queen; 'I will sue for you to your father.' The damsel was not displeased hereat; and when Sir Robert came to court, the queen asked him hereon, and pressed his consenting, if the match was discreet. Sir Robert, much astonished at this news, said, 'He never heard that his daughter had liking to any man, and wanted to gain knowledge of her affection; but would give free consent to what was most pleasing to her highness's will and advice.'—'Then I will do the rest,' said the queen. The lady was called in, and the queen told her, her father had given his free consent. 'Then,' replied the lady, 'I shall be happy, and please your grace.'—'So thou shalt, but not to be a fool, and marry. I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession: so go to thy business. I see thou art a bold one, to own thy foolishness so readily.'"

On another occasion, for some time she dissembled her anger at the marriage of Archbishop Parker, but at length she vented her spleen. "For whereas it pleased her often to come to his (the Archbishop Parker's) house, in respect of her favour to him that had been her mother's chaplain, being once above the rest greatly feasted; at her parting from thence, the archbishop and his wife being together, she gave him very special thanks with gracious and honourable terms; and then looking on his wife, 'And you,' said she, '*madam* I may not call you, and *mistress* I am ashamed to call you, so I know not what to call you, but yet I do thank you.'" Sir John Harington, in the account he gives of Doctor John Still, after speaking of his learning, says, 'and (which the queen liked best of all) was single, and a widower. Nay, I may compare them yet further: he married also soon after he was settled, and the queen was nothing well pleased with his marriage." He subsequently adds: "She (the queen) contented herself only to break a jest upon the name of the bishop's wife, saying to Sir Henry Berkley, 'It was a dangerous name for a bishop to match with a Horner.' The lady was daughter of Sir John Horner of Mills Park."

That Queen Elizabeth had a violent and hasty disposition, might be inferred from many well known circumstances related of her by her biographers; but no fact perhaps tends to shew the unrestrained exercise of her passion in a stronger light, than her conduct to the Earl of Essex, a proud and haughty character to his inferiors, but submissive to all above him; scrupling not to give him a sound box on the ear on one occasion, when he had given her displeasure. Other instances, however, are not wanting to shew, that her temper, particularly in latter life, was ungovernable. In one of Sir John Harington's letters to Mr. Robert

Markham, collected in the "Nugæ Antiquæ," in speaking of a journal which he had written during the march against the Irish rebels, he says, "I did not intend any eyes should have seen this discourse but my own children's: yet, alas! it happened otherwise; for the queen did so ask, and, I may say, demand my account, that I could not withhold shewing it; and I even now almost tremble to rehearse her majesty's displeasure hereat. She swore by 'God's Son, (an expression which Ritson says she had in her mouth as frequently as a fish-woman,) we were all idle knaves, and the lord deputy (Essex) worse, for wasting our time and her commands.'" Harington adds: "I marvel much to think what strange humours do conspire to patch up the natures of some minds. The elements do seem to strive which shall conquer, and rise above the other. In good sooth, our queen did unfold them altogether."

This ill temper was often carried even to a greater extent, without one effort to curb her irritation, and she used to deal out her unmerciful blows to her unhappy maids of honour. In one of the curious letters of Rowland White, he says, "The queen hath of late used fair Mrs. Bridges with words and blows of anger:" and Harington records: "Nor doth she hold them in discourse with familiar matter, but often chides them for small neglect, in such wise as to make these fair maids cry, and bewail in piteous part."

The observation of Henry IV. of France, upon the queen's coquetry with the Earl of Essex, "Que sa majesté ne laisseroit jamais son cousin d'Essex s'éloigner de son cotillon," so enraged her majesty, that she wrote four lines back to Henry with her own hand; which Harington says, "One may well believe were sharp enough, for he was near striking Sir Anthony, and drove him out of his chamber." The amours of the queen with the earl may be adduced as another instance, if required, of the vanity of her majesty; and in Nichols' *Progresses* there are innumerable examples of the same nature: but it is to be observed, that although Elizabeth, even between sixty and seventy years of age, allowed herself to be called a "paragon of beauty," and other adulatory epithets to be used, yet she was not altogether unconscious of her deformity. Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," writes thus: "Whenever the weather permitted, the queen always gave audiences in the garden, that the lines on her face might not appear so strong. Vertue, the engraver, was possessed of a pocket-book of Isaac Oliver, in which the latter had made a memorandum, that the queen would not allow him to give any shade to her features; telling him, 'that shade was an accident, and not naturally existing in a face.' Her portraits are, for this reason, generally without any shadow." Walpole has given a fac-simile of one of her broad pieces, representing her horribly old and deformed. An entire coin with this image is not known, and it is believed that the die was broken by her command.

The preceding extracts, without any further comment, I think

pretty clearly prove the ungovernable temper and vanity of Elizabeth; but we must not always look on the shady side of the picture: with all her foibles, we must not entirely forget her good qualities; and that she possessed them, not even her bitterest enemies will deny. She was gifted with a strength of understanding and soundness of judgment, which enabled her to govern with honour to herself, and satisfaction to her subjects: nor was this all; for a female mind, she was adorned with an education, which, if we may believe her tutor, Roger Ascham, surpassed all former example. Her merits indeed were not confined within the narrow boundary of her own kingdom;

But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone.

Although it may be said, that she did not possess what is commonly termed genius, and that her efforts in the literary world are not to be ranked in the first or even the second class of composition, at least this merit will not be denied her: that she encouraged by her liberality those of transcendent abilities, whose literary labours have done equal honour to themselves and their country. These are the men who have instructed, amused, and delighted, their own age, the present, and will continue to enlighten ages to come.

The sacred poet first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight with inborn vigour on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

C. W. F.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

A SHORT time ago, Mr. Adviser, I was a contented and even happy man upon a very narrow income; and when the sudden death of a distant relation, from whom I never had any expectations, put me in possession of 5000l. a year, I thought myself at the summit of human felicity: but, alas! sir, I have the misfortune to find, that the property from which I thought I should derive so much happiness, proves only a torment to me, through the alteration it has occasioned in my wife and daughters, who have rushed into dissipation with as much avidity as if they had moved in the first circles all their lives.

They have completely abandoned all our old friends and old habits, and have made what they call a set of stylish acquaintance, who dispense, as my wife says, with ceremony, and I think with good manners also, by using our house as if it were an hotel. This, however, is not the worst: I can see very plainly that these new friends of ours have no small pleasure in sporting extravagant and absurd airs, in order that, by copying them, the females of my family may render themselves ridiculous.

I am sorry to say, Mr. Adviser, that they have amply succeeded: my wife, a plain rational woman, who was generally thought pleasing, because her manners were natural and void of pretension,

now affects a tone of consequence, and an air of superiority, when she is speaking to people whom she considers at all inferior or even upon a footing with herself; while she behaves, when in company with her fine associates, with a degree of humility which completely sinks her in their esteem.

My daughters seem to have no object in life but to be considered girls of fashion; and in order to obtain this enviable title, they sacrifice their natural ingenuousness, delicacy, and even good breeding; for they have made such admirable progress, that they can out-talk, out-laugh, and out-stare most veteran women of fashion. Nor are their morals less improved than their manners: while our fortunes were humble, they had always a trifle to spare for the distressed, and the tear of pity with which it was given increased the value of the gift tenfold. Now, when they have it amply in their power to be beneficent, they lavish their whole allowance upon themselves; and if I remonstrate against this unfeeling profusion, I am answered by accounts of the shameful idleness and bad conduct of the lower classes, whose distresses they gravely declare are always the result of their faults. It is in vain that I oppose facts and reason to this unfounded assertion; my wife constantly takes the same side as her daughters, and what can my single voice avail against three women, all talking at once? I am forced to quit the field, and I have not the comfort of confiding my vexation to any friend, for the fine lady airs of my wife and the girls have frightened away all my old acquaintance: a few of them indeed did for some time visit us, but as they plainly saw that Mrs. B. tolerated them only that they might admire the superior style in which she now moved, and that they were expected to pay for their entertainment in compliments to their hostess, they have dropped off by degrees, and their places are supplied by stylish people, who do us the honour, while they are eating and drinking with us, to turn us into ridicule to our faces.

You will perhaps ask me, Mr. Adviser, why, if I really dislike these proceedings, I do not put an end to them: but I presume you know, we have most of us our antipathies; mine is the sight of women's tears. My wife, who is well acquainted with this unfortunate weakness of mine, always attacks it whenever she is strenuously bent upon carrying a point; and to tell you the truth, it is principally by this means that she has so long succeeded in imposing upon me the new order of things: but I begin at last to be tired of concessions to which I see there is no end, and I am determined to put a stop to my family's career of folly. If, Mr. Adviser, you would have the goodness to point out the best way in which you think this can be done, you would much oblige your very humble servant,

T. B.

I am afraid my advice will be of little use to Mr. B. since, at his age, it is not very likely that he can conquer his dislike to female tears: nevertheless, he must do it before he can take a single effectual step in the reform which he meditates. If he can overcome it sufficiently

to stand a few violent fits of crying, the business will be half done. I would next advise him to try change of scene: an excursion to the country with his family would take them out of the reach of those associates who have turned their heads, and he might, by degrees, contrive to substitute rational, or at least innocent, employments and amusements, for the round of dissipation of which he at present complains. But I must repeat, that if he cannot conquer the milkiness of his nature, he had better stop where he is; for he may depend upon it, that if he makes an unsuccessful effort, he will soon be more completely subjugated than ever.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Mr. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the following article might more properly have been inserted in the *Repository* a month earlier, the curiosity of the subject will, I trust, obtain it a place in your Miscellany.

I was reading the other day Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and met with the following passage:

————————*St. Valentine* is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Although the text of the author has been almost smothered in verbal criticisms, whether *than* ought to be *then*, or *this* ought to be *that*, yet it is seldom that any useful or entertaining information is found in the notes of the commentators. It occurred to me, that the observance of St. Valentine's day was a subject about which we knew little or nothing, and that some intelligence would have been acceptable; but on looking to the bottom of the page, I was only referred to an old saying, that birds couple on St. Valentine's day. I wished to know who was this St. Valentine, of whom we hear so much, particularly in our youth; what was the origin of the custom of sending amorous epistles on his anniversary, the 14th of February, and how long it has existed: upon these three points I endeavoured to satisfy myself from other sources, the result of which I will communicate, for the benefit of such as think it worth while to read what follows; premising, that it will afford little instruction, and less entertainment, especially to those who look for any pretty copies of verses, to be transcribed and added to the overwhelming number of lovesick lays that load the groaning mails on the 14th of February, and, like Gabriel Harvey's pamphlets against the witty Tom Nash, require almost a waggon for their conveyance.

My first dip into the obscurity of former times was not very successful. I found that St. Valentine was a Roman bishop, supposed to have been beheaded on or about the 14th of February, during the reign of the Emperor Claudian. How can this, thought I, have any thing to do with our mode of celebrating his festival? Unless, because by love a man loses his wits, people have chosen a tutelary saint who lost his head? But then, why not fix upon any other? At my next dive, I thought I had obtain-

ed a solution; for Mr. Wheatly, in his "Observations upon the Common Prayer," says, that Valentine was a saint "remarkable for his love;" but the addition of the words, "and charity," was a grievous disappointment to me.

If I could discover no facts, I could make conjectures (which Dr. Warburton thought better things); and in an old copy of some verses by Gower, an ancient poet, whom Shakspeare has made his prologue-speaker in Pericles, I found that the word was printed *Valentyde*, without any title of canonization. As *tyde* in our elder writers meant time, and as the first two syllables might be derived from a Latin verb, signifying *to be well*, *Valentyde* might originally mean only *the time* or *season of salutation*. I imagined that it had subsequently been misprinted, and that the festival of St. Valentine falling about that period of the year, the title had been erroneously given to the mere appellation of a particular season. I pronounced this conjecture very plausible at the time, but I never could find any thing afterwards to confirm it. After much searching and braining, I at last came to the conclusion: that the name of the saint in question, was used only to denote the portion of the year when the inhabitants of the air begin to choose their mates; and when the inhabitants of the earth, by more than the mere analogy of nature, might be supposed to be inclined to select theirs. By our earliest writers, Valentine's day is always mentioned with reference, either remote or immediate, to this analogy.

"Love, whose month is ever *May*,"

is proverbial, and with no men more so than with our ancient authors: one of the most beautiful parts of the "Romaunt of the Rose," is a description of May as the month of love, joy, and harmony, with all the creatures of the globe. How then could the middle of the dreary month of February be chosen as a synonymous period? (if I may so say). Upon this point I soon satisfied myself, by reflecting that, from Geoffrey Chaucer's time, when Italian literature first made its way into this country, down to Sir Walter Scott's time, when it has almost departed from it, we have generally borrowed our descriptions of seasons from that country, at least where it was not absolutely necessary to paint our own. Few of our poets made any allowance for the difference of climate, and have spoken of February here as it would appear in Italy. Spenser, in many respects a close imitator of the Italians, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," has, however, not fallen into this absurdity: the second Eclogue for February begins, as it naturally ought,

Ah! for pity, will rank winter's rage,
These bitter blasts, never 'gin t'asswage?

The conclusion therefore that I drew, in the total absence of more precise information, was, that St. Valentine's day was chosen to give a name to the season of love, which season was fixed according to Italian notions and Italian climate.

We have no means of ascertaining the observance of the festival of this saint much earlier than the reign of Edward III. Richard II.

or Henry IV. when lived a constellation of great men; not to mention more than Chaucer, and his two friends, Lidgate and Gower. As with the stars of heaven, so with the stars of earth, they seldom shine in solitary splendour; but the influence and example of one great man draw round him, and stimulate, those of kindred beam, though of lesser magnitude: witness all the great eras of our literary history. Undoubtedly the practice of interchanging what are called Valentines, or copies of verses, is a comparatively modern mode of celebrating the festival, when the art of writing became more general: anciently, as appears from the old ballad quoted in the fourth act of Hamlet, and from other authorities, personal visits were usual on St. Valentine's day; and these were not confined to the sex, "whose thoughts and form are of a coarser mould."

I have before me a series of quotations upon this subject, from the earliest period of English poetry, to its decay in the reign of Charles II. shewing the gradual rise and progress of the custom. I long very much to insert a few of them, but they would perhaps be thought tedious; and the irreverence might be shewn, of passing unnoticed, extracts from some of the fairest and sweetest flowers of antiquity, to enjoy the perfume of which, no finer sense is required, than that which is ordinarily possessed: it might indeed be tasted by all, were they led into the paths through which the fragrance streams; but, until within a few years, all have wandered almost solely in ways infected by the unwholesome breath of the multitude, far from those blooming orange-groves, to whose forms age has given grandeur, and to whose flowers antiquity has imparted sweetness*.

Of late, however, whether it arise from the comparative insipidity of the fragrance obtained from the annuals of our own day, or from any other cause, a spirit of inquiry has arisen into those productions, which delighted and instructed the ancestors from whom we derived our knowledge; and the reward has, I am confident, been equal to the labour. Under these circumstances, I shall reserve until the next Number some further remarks upon this question; and I shall then introduce a few of my quotations, which may be passed over by such of your readers as are neither actuated by curiosity nor delight. That they are few or none, is the sincere belief of

L. W.

* The orange-groves of Versailles are the grandest in Europe: some of the noble trees are known to be 4 or 500 years old, and no symptom of decay is yet visible. Their growth is extremely slow, not arriving at perfection until the lapse of several ages. It is said, that the bloom acquires additional intenseness of fragrance in proportion to the antiquity of the parent stem.

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

It is now many years since, a widow of about twenty, who had some business at Brussels, stopped for a short time at an hotel in that city; she dined at the *table d'hôte*, and generally spent a part of the

evening in the public room. This youthful widow, whose name was Dorval, was precisely that sort of person, whom the men all adore, and the women abuse: the former declared she was the loveliest, the most bewitching of creatures; the latter vowed she had not the smallest claim to beauty. Whatever were her claims, however, one thing is certain—the coldest hearts found her irresistible. Her slight, but finely rounded form, though too *petite* for dignity, was a model of grace; her features could not boast the cold regularity which, in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliancy of her complexion, the varied expression of her speaking eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility. She had been only a few days at the hotel, when an English gentleman chanced to dine at the public table; he was struck at the first glance with her charms, and not being well acquainted with foreign manners, he thought he might address himself rather freely to a lady whom he found at a *table d'hôte:* he complimented her; she replied with spirit, but with becoming reserve. The Englishman, whom we shall call Milborne, became every moment more fascinated: puzzled, however, by the apparent inconsistency in her situation and manners, he asked if she would accompany him to the theatre: she refused in a tone which shewed plainly, that she considered the proposal as an insult. "Very well," cried Milborne, pulling out an elegant snuff-box, "then you shall take a pinch of snuff."—"I never take snuff, sir," cried the widow, turning up her pretty little nose with an air of ineffable disdain.

"So much the worse, madam; you lose one of the greatest pleasures in life. I have tried all sorts of enjoyments: one thing fatigued, another disgusted me; this pleasure brought repentance, and that satiety. At last, I determined to look out for something of which I should not tire. It suddenly struck me, that, in my fits of vexation and *ennui*, I had found occasional relief from a pinch of snuff; so I became a snuff-taker five years ago, and from that time to the present I have had no *ennui.* Come, madam, let me advise you to try my remedy for this distemper, with which we are all visited more or less."

"I have no occasion for it," replied the lady coldly: "I am not troubled with *ennui;* and if I were, I should think there are more rational means of dispelling it."

"Name them, madam, if you please."

"Reading, reflection, the offices of benevolence, the pleasures of society."

"Ah! madam, I have tried all that: reading set me to sleep; reflection made my head ache; benevolence I own is pretty well, but one cannot occupy oneself in that way from morning till night: as to the pleasures of society, I have been cheated by one half of my acquaintance, and laughed at by the other; I am therefore not very favourably disposed towards mankind. So you see, madam, I have nothing left for it but to amuse myself in this way;" and opening his snuff-box, he took a pinch, and presented it to her.

Thoroughly provoked at what

she considered unpardonable rudeness, she rose to leave the room. "Nay, madam," cried Milborne, starting up, "you must not go in anger."—"I am not angry, sir," cried the lady, trying to disengage her hand, which he had taken hold of.—"You forgive me then?"—"Yes," replied she, but not in the most placid tone in the world.—"Very well, then; to prove that you don't bear malice, take a pinch of snuff."

At these words, the widow's patience and temper both forsook her; she burst into tears. Some of the gentlemen present advanced, and one of them, Comte de S. asked Milborne, in a haughty tone, what he meant by insulting the lady. The Englishman immediately took fire; he replied in a tone of defiance, which frightened Madame Dorval. She endeavoured to stifle the dispute by protesting that she was not offended; but the gentlemen were both too hot-headed to be so easily pacified: they dissembled their resentment till the widow had left the room; but as soon as she did, the dispute was renewed. In a few minutes it rose to such a height, that a meeting was arranged for the following morning; and thus, for no greater cause than a lady's refusal to take a pinch of snuff, two men, who were not destitute either of common sense or principle, so far in their anger forgot both, as to be guilty of the folly and impiety of risking their own and seeking each other's life.

Both perhaps repented when the challenge was given and accepted, but it was then, according to the notions of false honour so prevalent among mankind, too late. They retired to their respective apartments: Milborne wrote two or three letters, and then began to pace his room, deeply engaged in ruminating on the probable event of the approaching meeting.

Suddenly he fancied that he smelled fire: he threw open the door of his chamber, and beheld the staircase enveloped in smoke. His first thought was for others: he ran to the different apartments, vociferating "Fire!" In a few moments every body in the house was alarmen; all hastened to escape; and Milborne, on going down stairs, found the greater part of the inmates assembled in the street before the door of the hotel. It was indeed time, for the flames were bursting out in every direction. The first person whom Milborne saw, was his antagonist. "My God!" cried the Englishman, at sight of him, "where is madame?" They looked eagerly round; she was not to be seen.

"Oh heavens!" exclaimed the landlord, "she must be lost—see, her chamber is on fire."—"A ladder, quickly," cried Milborne.—"We have not one; and if we had, it would be of no use; you would perish, without being able to save her."—"I will try, however," cried Milborne; and breaking from his antagonist, who, shocked at the certain death to which he seemed devoting himself, caught hold of his arm, he rushed back into the flames.

"He will be lost!" exclaimed the bye-standers. "No, no!" cried Comte de S——; "Providence will not suffer him to perish:" and he hastened in search of a ladder,

which he recollected to have seen in the morning at a little distance from the hotel. He was fortunate enough to find it; in a few moments it was reared against the window at which Milborne was seen with madame in his arms.

"God be praised!" cried the Englishman fervently, as he descended with his lovely burthen, whom terror had deprived of her senses.—"God be praised!" was echoed by all present, with a feeling of mingled joy and terror, as they saw the floor of her apartment fall in with a terrible crash. Milborne had found her lying insensible on her bed: he wrapped her in a blanket, and so saved her from being burnt; but he was himself very much scorched. He delivered her to the care of the women; and it being by this time ascertained, that no lives were lost, Milborne and the comte hastened to find accommodation for her: they speedily succeeded, and returned to convey her to her new lodging. She was at that moment hardly capable of speaking, but she begged to see her preserver in the morning. The gentlemen then separated to take some repose, but not before they had shaken hands in amity.

The next morning, Milborne waited upon the widow. "Ah! my preserver," cried she, starting up as he entered, and clasping both his hands in hers, "what shall I say to you? how can I thank you? how can I ever repay"——"Repay! Nonsense—take a pinch of snuff," cried Milborne, in a tone of affected gaiety, which ill disguised the emotion the beautiful widow's fervent gratitude had called forth. My readers will believe that this time she did not refuse. "Don't you find it excellent?" cried Milborne.—"Yes, excellent indeed," replied she, when the fit of sneezing which it occasioned had subsided.—"I thought," said Milborne, in a tone of triumph, "that you could not fail to like it, if once you could be prevailed upon to taste it: but this is nothing; I have with me samples of all the different kinds of snuff that are used, and some which I have myself introduced, and had compounded under my own direction: you shall try them all."

The widow would perhaps rather have been excused from giving this proof of her gratitude, but what could she deny to her deliverer? We do not know how far she became a connoisseur in snuff, for in a very few days Milborne found that his *penchant* for it began to be superseded by another *penchant*; in short, the widow's fine eyes caused certain uneasy sensations, which even his favourite amusement of snuff-taking could not dissipate. One day, while he was sitting with her, he suddenly fell into a fit of abstraction, and his box, which he held open in his hand, dropped upon the floor. "How unlucky! you have spilled all your snuff," cried Madame Dorval, stooping to pick up the box.—"Never mind," said Milborne, gently detaining her hand as she presented it to him: "snuff is a good thing, but it is not a panacea for every care."

"Indeed!" cried the widow archly; "and pray when did you discover that?"

"Not till to-day: I have taken

three times my usual quantity, in order to put you out of my head; but I can't. I see clearly there is only one way to manage that matter satisfactorily: I must either marry you, or run away from you. Now, my dear madame, which shall I do?"

"Run away, to be sure," cried the widow: but what signifies what a woman says when her eyes contradict her tongue? Milborne trusted to the former, and he was right: he pressed his suit with ardour; mutual explanations took place. The Englishman was a rich, whimsical, but noble-minded being; the widow was virtuous and well born, but comparatively poor. No obstacles opposed a union which they mutually desired; in the course of two years after it had taken place, Milborne was the happy father of two lovely children, and their infantine caresses and the attentions of his beautiful wife occupied him so completely, that he no longer felt *ennui*, and we are assured that his snuff-box was discarded.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. VII.

LES HONNETES HOMMES.

Il y avoit autrefois à Rome un temple dedié à l'Honneur. On ne pouvoit y entrer qu'en passant par celui de la Vertu. Leçon ingenieuse qui laissait assez entendre, que sans la vertu il n'y a point de veritable honneur. ——DUCLOS.

EVERY thing becomes antiquated. The *Dictionnaire de l'Academie* contains a number of obsolete expressions and terms, the former meaning of which is totally altered, and would no longer be recognised in the present day. What has already come to pass in this respect, makes me suspect, that the time will arrive when we shall differ in opinion, as to the signification of the words *honnêtes gens*: they are indeed already so variously explained by the world, and applied to such opposite characters, that much doubt may even now exist as to their proper and definite meaning.

The *Dictionnaire* says, many qualities are requisite to form an *honnête homme*, but unfortunately does not specify what they all are: it places, however, in the first rank, probity and virtue. Society has long agreed in this explanation, but, by degrees, has deviated much from its strict observance.

The more enlightened we become, the less severity we shew to the principles of others. *Les honnêtes gens* are manufactured nowadays much cheaper than formerly; it is a reputation acquired at small expense, and, with some, easily retained. The main requisites are, a certain portion of wit and jollity, covered over with a varnish of politeness. The surname of an *honnête homme* is now little more than a by-word, a term signifying a person whom we are glad to see, and who can and may be useful to us.

Monsieur de N——, who is pleased to reckon me among the number of his friends, though, to say the truth, I have hitherto done nothing to deserve the honour of his friendship, invited me the other day

to dine with him. "I have to-day," said he, "some *honnêtes gens* who are so good as to honour me with their friendship: allow me to hope you will add to the number." I am always happy to meet this class of people, and being disengaged, had nothing better to do than to accept his invitation. I accordingly told Mons. N——, that I would be with him without fail on Thursday, at the hour mentioned; and desirous of proving my punctuality, I arrived almost the first at the place of rendezvous.

Mons. de N. is himself *un fort honnête homme*, at least so every one says who knows him. At a period when our trade was at the worst, his fortune became involved, and he was obliged to declare himself a bankrupt. This misfortune did no injury to his reputation; for, faithful to his new arrangements, he actually paid his creditors half of what he owed them. The latter, who never expected to receive any thing at all, were agreeably surprised at receiving 50 per cent. They considered this kind of restitution as so much gain, and in their first transports of joy, praised to the skies what they termed, singularly enough, the probity of Mons. de N——. Since then he has risked some new speculations, which have succeeded beyond all expectation. His fortune is at present estimated at 35,000 francs per annum; and as he has circulated the report, that he intends to pay his old creditors as soon as he has doubled his property, every one interested in such repayment has eagerly lent his aid towards enabling him to fulfil his intentions; and this delusion has not only given fresh activity to his business, but also new motives for the praises of his friends.

The only person who was in the parlour when I entered, was a little man in a bob wig, a grey coat, and black kerseymere trowsers; blue cotton stockings, and a coloured silk embroidered waistcoat, completed an equipment truly original. I never allow myself to be attracted or repelled by the external habiliments of any one: a showy outside cannot command my respect; and a plain, nay even a singular dress, nowise diminishes my esteem for the wearer. I felt myself, at first sight, prejudiced in favour of this little man: his physiognomy was pleasing, and wit sparkled in his eyes. Two or three observations which he made, increased my prepossession. I had never before seen him at Mons. N——'s, with whose family, however, he seemed to be perfectly well acquainted.

Cards, inscribed with the names of each of the guests, were placed on the mantel-piece, and a feeling of curiosity induced me to look over them. The little man perceiving me thus occupied, inquired with a smile, if those gentlemen were known to me. "I have heard their names more than once," replied I, "but I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting them. I only know them to be *fort honnêtes gens*."—At these words the little man shook his head significantly; and presuming, no doubt, that, by this mode of replying, he had awakened my curiosity, took up the cards, and reading aloud the names, added:

"M. Eugene de G—— is one

of our first merchants. His credit has never been called in question; he fulfils all his engagements with the most scrupulous exactness, and though he has two or three times sustained very serious losses, not one of his creditors has ever had cause for complaint: it is impossible for any one to be more regular in his business, more strictly honest in all his transactions; and if M. G—— were a bachelor, I should with pleasure add my tribute to the praises daily heaped upon him. But he is married, and this honest merchant is a very bad husband. Formerly a clerk in one of the principal banking-houses of this capital, he married Mademoiselle C. the daughter of his patron, with whom he received a hundred thousand crowns in dowry. In thus marrying, she complied with the wishes of her parents and the dictates of her own heart; but she adores a husband whose fortune she has raised, yet who seems wholly forgetful of all his obligations to her. M. de G——, whose gallantries have become proverbial, is unmindful even of the common respect due to his consort; every where he may be seen with one or the other of his numerous mistresses, but never in the company of his wife. The former, magnificently attired by his prodigality, display throughout Paris their splendid disgrace; whilst the other, banished to her apartments, spends in solitude and tears the hours which she had hoped to pass in happiness and gaiety. Every one pities Madame de G——, but no one visits her. The friends of her family, who rail in her presence at the conduct of her husband, never refuse to make one in the parties of pleasure given by the latter; and as Mons. de G—— merely intends to let his wife die of grief, no one has thought of disputing his title of *un honnête homme*."

"If this title, however," said I, "were to be given to good husbands, you would not surely dispute the claim of M. Duplan, whose name I see on the card you are now holding in your hand. I have spent some time in his neighbourhood, where he is cited as the model for husbands."—"That may be," replied the little man, "but the world does not see into the recesses of the heart. Duplan was a young lawyer, without fortune or practice. A rich merchant died a short time after having vested a considerable sum of money in his hands, with which transaction his family were unacquainted. Duplan informed them of the circumstance, and paid over to them the property. This action soon became the general topic of conversation; at Clermont nothing was talked of but the integrity of M. Duplan. One evening, the story was told in a company where the old Marquise de Jondeuil was present: it interested her deeply. The next day, she invented an excuse to call on Duplan. His personal endowments, and the favourable result of her inquiries into his character, determined her. At the age of sixty, and with a fortune of 18,000 livres a year, Madame de Jondeuil offered her hand and wealth to M. Duplan, which he accepted with gratitude, and reckoning beforehand on his good fortune, ordered wedding and

mourning suits at the same time. Events do not always turn out according to our expectations. The vigorous constitution of the marquise threatened to carry her through a century; every day seemed to renovate her strength; and the delicate attentions of her husband strewed the downhill of her life with the flowers which love had scattered over her younger days. This union, which at first had been so severely censured, which had been celebrated in epigrams, and satirized in rhyme of all kinds, was now the theme of universal admiration. Duplan alone, though perfectly satisfied with his condition, thought it promised to last too long: he remembered that the marquise had formerly been a noted coquette; the pains she bestowed on her toilette, proved that she had not yet quite abandoned her pretensions to please; and instead of pointing out this absurdity, Duplan resolved to confirm her in it. He persuaded Madame de Jondeuil, that time had but slightly impaired her charms; he bespoke more youthful dresses for her, and plunged her into all the gaieties of Clermont: a gallant husband, he was always at her side, and even carried his complaisance so far as to dance with her. His earnest endeavours to afford her pleasure, completely veiled his real designs, and all the ladies of Clermont envied the attentions lavished on Madame de Jondeuil. You may easily imagine this course of life soon made inroads on her health; each fête shortened the term of her mortal career, and in less than three months, her husband conducted her to the grave by the path of pleasure.

"A less artful person would then have thrown off the mask, but the wily Duplan supported his part to admiration: he feigned excessive grief. She was his benefactress, his wife: how could he ever sufficiently lament his irreparable loss? For some days, he shut himself up in his house, to arrange his affairs: this was placed to the account of his affliction; and as soon as he re-appeared in the world, all the mothers in the province were anxious to intrust the happiness of their daughters to the keeping of so excellent a man. Hitherto he has not decided in favour of any of the fair ladies who are courting his smiles, but he doubtless soon will.

"M. le Baron de D. whose title is blazoned at full length on his card, would not allow himself to commit the least dishonourable action: he carries his delicacy to an excess; but this man of honour is in debt to every one who is foolish enough to trust him, and pays nobody: he gives a Louis d'or to the beggar who implores his compassionate relief, and refuses six francs to the workman whom he has employed: his creditors curse him; the poor applaud his generosity. This is being what is now called *un bon garçon:* formerly, at least, no one would have thought of calling such a man as this *un honnête homme.*

"On this card is the name of a celebrated lawyer. Twenty anecdotes honourable to his character might be mentioned; he passes with the world for a truly worthy man. Many clients have endeavoured to bribe his conscience, but all have failed. Nevertheless, he has refused justice to a poor wo-

man, who, for the last ten years, has been almost daily expecting the termination of her mortal sorrows. 'She is in the right,' says he; 'what she demands is lawfully due to her: but this woman is old, diseased, accustomed to misery; in a few years she will be no more; and in order to solace the two or three years which remain of her existence, shall we dishonour a powerful man, who is perhaps guilty, but who enjoys the esteem and respect of the world at large?' I do not know whether his sentiments have prevailed, but I believe that might has hitherto overcome right. M. R—— unites to a lively disposition, great abilities and tried courage; he is a good son, a true friend, but an inordinate love of pleasure tarnishes the lustre of these excellent qualities. I have seen him risk his life for the husband, whose wife he had just before seduced; yet, in society, M. R—— has always had the character of *un honnête homme.*

"A similar reputation is enjoyed by the Baron de B——, who affects the most exquisite sensibility. This gentleman was one of the jury on an important trial. An accusation of treason was brought against some persons of consideration, who had incurred the jealousy of the government, and whose removal was determined upon. When the jury retired to consider their verdict, the baron, who was desirous of reconciling his conscience and his interest, unwilling to contribute towards the condemnation of the accused, of whose guilt he was in nowise convinced; and, on the other hand, not daring to displease the government, from whom he was then soliciting an employment, contrived to give his opinion last; and, as out of twelve jurymen, nine had already pronounced sentence of death, he made no difficulty in ranging himself on the side of the majority. His opinion being thus superfluous, he found means to satisfy his conscience without thwarting his interest."

My informer was proceeding in his review, when the servant announced the greater part of the persons he had just been describing. The master of the house soon made his appearance, and the remainder of the guests having arrived, we sat down to table. Honour, virtue, and probity were the topics of conversation. The warmth with which all the parties espoused the cause of morality, made me doubt for a moment the truth of what my little friend had been relating. As to him, he contented himself with smiling ironically now and then aside, and throwing a significant glance across the table at me. His behaviour embarrassed me. Placed at the side of our host, I begged he would tell me who that person was. "He is an original," replied he, in an under voice, "whose mania is finding fault: he misemploys his natural talents in circulating numerous anecdotes."—"Part of which he doubtless invents?"—"No, I believe a lie has never passed his lips; and but for this rage for publishing all he knows, I should look upon him as *un honnête homme.*"—This remark appeared singular. M. de N. saw the disgrace and evil only in its publicity: I must confess, however, this appears to me

the prevailing opinion in the capital, where every one is agreed, in designating those who are sufficiently adroit to avoid open dishonour, as *honnêtes gens.*

SECOND TOUR OF THE CELEBRATED DR. SYNTAX.

So many of our readers have been delighted with the first "Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," that, instead of apologizing for now inserting so long an extract from his second excursion, we feel, in some sort, bound to make an excuse for not having introduced a part of the amusing narrative earlier into our pages. On one account, however, this delay has been attended with advantage; for though it may have occasioned a slight disappointment, the pleasure will be the greater, especially as the Doctor has now quite recovered from the sentimental air that was necessarily given to him in the outset of his new undertaking, by the recent death of "the darling partner of his wedded days."

The extreme popularity of the first Tour, has given rise to a number of spurious and unprincipled imitations: of some of these our readers may have heard, but, for their own sakes, we hope they have seen none of them; for the only resemblance between the two is the fraudulent adoption of the title, without a spark of the humour, character, or originality of the real Dr. Syntax. Without further preface, we quote the following from the fourth Number of the New Tour, published this month by Mr. Ackermann: it relates to the courtship of a second wife by the Doctor, who had waited upon the widow in company with Squire Hearty.

The 'Squire had popp'd behind the screen,
To hear what pass'd, and not be seen.
"I see," she said, "that Hearty's gone,
And means to leave us here alone:
I love him well, he is my friend;
But much I wish that he would mend
His antic tricks, which he calls fun,
Which men of sterling sense would shun.
On gen'ral conduct we agree,
Though his wit is not wit for me.
But we must let, in life's short day,
Those whom we value have their way:
The best are to some failings prone,
And we should try to mend our own."

Syntax.

"Madam, I came, as 'twas my duty,
To pay my homage to your beauty:
But from the sentiments you deal in,
You wake in me superior feeling,
Than what's inspired by the rose
Which on the cheek of beauty blows;
And I must other thoughts infer,
To praise the fair philosopher.
Philosophy, in various ways,
Asks of the wise the highest praise.
I mean not that whose study pries
Into those dark obscurities
Of doubtful science, where the eye
Is dimm'd by its uncertainty;
But that whose search does not prolong,
Beyond what's right and what is wrong,
What you will think is well defin'd,
The moral structure of the mind.
Him I pronounce a perfect sage,
Of any clime, of any age,
Above all learning he may shew
Who does this high-wrought science know;
Who, to all common int'rests blind,
Instructs the conscience of mankind.

But when we see, though rare the sight,
This happy science beaming bright
Beneath the warmth of beauty's ray,
Beaming around the moral day,
Thus giving to fair Virtue's laws,
Those smiles which best support her cause;
It is a vision sweet to view,
And such as I behold in you."
The widow simper'd, smil'd, and sigh'd,
And bending forward, thus replied:
" Doctor, you clothe your manly sense
With a most winning eloquence.
With ease and energy it flows,
And bears conviction as it goes.
To your whole reas'ning I incline,
So pray, sir, take a glass of wine,
And, with this wish, I'll take its brother:
May we know more, sir, of each other."
With his right hand upon his breast,
The Doctor then the dame address'd:
" Madam, I swear your charms are such,
Of you I could not know too much."
" Oh!" she exclaim'd, " I'm all confusion,
You compliment in such profusion.
Pray cool your palate with the fruit;
In the mean time I'll try my lute,
And sing a philosophic air,
'Twill suit your doctrine to a hair.
It was but yesterday I bought it,
And I could almost think you wrote it.
I cannot say that I approve
The songs which tell of nought but love;
Where love is here, and love is there,
In short, where love is every where;
Which, in soft language, teach our misses
To warble sighs, and long for kisses.
To leave it altogether out,
Might be an affectation thought;
But love should not, I do contend,
Begin and go on to the end:
Which, for I speak, sir, as I feel,
And for its truth I now appeal
To every husband, ev'ry wife,
Is so unlike the real life.—
My voice is slender, and I play
But in a very common way:
Though well I know, that to the sky
You'll praise my wretched melody;
And though in ev'ry note I fail,
You'll call me sweetest nightingale."

SONG.

Beauty's a fair but short-liv'd flower,
That scarce survives a summer hour.
Is not this true? for you must know:
If it is not, O tell me so,
O tell me so!
But may not graces deck the fair,
When beauty is no longer there?
Is not this true? &c.
But when the graces too are fled,
O may not virtue charm instead?
Is not this true? &c.
And should not virtue's power prove
The cord that binds in lasting love?
Is not this true? &c.
For beauty's fatal to the fair,
If virtue does not triumph there.
Is not this true? &c.
Lovers would seldom suffer pain,
If they knew how to weave the chain.
Is not this true? &c.
Virtue alone can shield the heart
From passion's flaming, fiery dart.
Is not this true? &c.
And passion's flame departs so soon,
It scarce will last the honey-moon.
Is not this true? for you must know:
If it is not, O tell me so,
O tell me so!

Syntax with enraptur'd air
Exclaim'd, as he rose from his chair,
" The song's a sermon I avow;
Love I have felt, I feel it now,
And still I'm of that feeling proud!"
—Here 'Squire Hearty laugh'd aloud,
And in endeav'ring to escape,
Or get away in any shape,
He by chance fell, and bang'd the door,
And kick'd the screen down on the floor.
The Doctor on the downfall gaz'd,
Staring, astonish'd and amaz'd:
While madam, sinking with alarms,
Fell screaming in his outstretch'd arms;
And while those arms did thus enfold her,
She struggled so, he scarce could hold her.
To keep her still, he was not able;
She kick'd him, and o'erturn'd the table;

The bottles, plates, and glasses clatter:
And now to see what was the matter
The servants enter'd, to whose care
Syntax resign'd the furious fair,
Who, with fierce eyes, the Doctor view'd,
Said he was ugly, brutal, rude;
And loudly ask'd him, how he dare
Take such bold liberties with her?
Then added: "Such a shape as thine
Must doubtless be inflam'd with wine,
Thus to disturb my virtue's quiet
With your love's wild licentious riot:
For had you sprung from all the Graces,
I'd spurn such impudent embraces."
—The 'Squire now op'd the door, to say,
"Move off, my friend, and quit the fray;
For much I fear, we've lost the day."
Syntax, who had no wish to stay,
Made haste the summons to obey;
And, in a very ruffled state,
Sought, with the 'Squire, the mansion gate.
In vulgar terms, he'd had his licking,
Not with ma'am's cuffs, but by her kicking.
—The eyes of beauty furnish arms,
Which have fill'd heroes with alarms;
Nay, that the brave dare not resist
The vengeance of a female fist;
And when an angry dame assails
With darting fingers and their nails,
The rude intruder oft has stood,
With cheeks all scratch'd and red with blood;
Is sometimes known amidst the strife
Attendant on domestic life.
But in the journal of those jars
That wait on love's intestine wars,
It seldom has been thought discreet
For fair-ones to employ their feet;
And our fair dame's the first we know
Who thus employ'd a vengeful toe.
—By what offensive skill in trade
Her slippers or her shoes were made,
To cause the woundings that befell
The Doctor's shins, we cannot tell;
And we must leave to keener eye
To make this grand discovery:—
Whether sharp point or well-arm'd heel
Made his slim shanks or ancles feel,
And, which is absolutely shocking,
Gave a dire rent to either stocking.
Suffice it, with the 'Squire he went,
All speechless from astonishment,
With batter'd legs and stockings rent.
—As they retir'd, we must relate
That Patrick shar'd his master's fate.
Syntax, who with fond hopes grown warm,
To give the visit all due form,
And that appearance might befriend him,
Had order'd Patrick to attend him.
The obedient valet now was seen
Walking behind with smiling mien;
Then in due time, he stepp'd before,
And having gain'd the widow's door,
His rap was such, would not disgrace
St. James's-square or Portland-place.
—The lady, who had kept her eye,
Quicken'd by curiosity,
The curtain's drapery between,
Where she might see, herself unseen,
Where she might view with anxious glance
Th' expected visitor advance,
In long perspective tow'rds her gate;
Nor long she sat in peeping state,
When as she saw the party coming,
And heard the door's re-echoed drumming,
She instant summon'd to her aid
Lucy, her confidential maid,
And thus her secret wish betray'd:
"Invite the valet down below,
And ev'ry kind attention shew;
With all he seems to wish for treat him,
And with a smiling welcome greet him:
Nay, ev'ry cunning art apply,
To get his master's history:
What is his age, use all your power,
To learn that to the very hour;
His temper, and his mode of life,
And how he us'd his former wife.
Now manage this commission well,
Get all out of him he can tell,
And then, good Lucy, you shall see,
How very grateful I can be."
The handmaid promis'd to obey,
And nodding slily, slid away.

Now Lucy had a blooming cheek,
And the black locks adorn'd her neck;
Nor had she been five years on duty,
To aid the toilette of a beauty,
Without attaining, in her way,
The arts by which she could display
Such charms as render'd her bewitching
To liv'ried gentry in the kitchen.
She ask'd, if he again would dine;
Which he preferr'd, or ale or wine.
To such kind offers nothing lothe,
He chose to take a sup of both.
Then on the board sweet cakes were plac'd,
And all he ask'd the table grac'd.
Things thus arrang'd, it was not long
Ere Lucy prov'd she had a tongue,
Which like an aspen-leaf was hung:
But neither wine nor her gay funning,
Robb'd honest Patrick of his cunning;
And the first question she let out,
Told him what Lucy was about.
Thus Pat, who lov'd his master well,
Was quite prepar'd what tale to tell.
Says she, in her familiar chat,
"Pray, is the Doctor's living fat?"
Pat. "Aye faith it is, my dearest dear,
And weighs a thousand pounds a year."
Lucy. "Have you in many places been?"
P. "In service, I suppose you mean:
Only two masters I have serv'd,
And from my duty never swerv'd.
I've serv'd the king, may Heaven bless him,
As, when he dies, it will possess him.
At his command, a gallant rover,
I've travell'd half this wide world over:
I've drawn my sword, and aye, by dozens,
Have cut down Frenchmen and their cousins.
For many an hour I have trod
The field, my ancles deep in blood.
Oh, these were sights enough to make
A heart like pretty Lucy's ache!"
L. "And did you e'er receive a wound?"
P. "Aye faith; I've lain upon the ground
For half a day, when death and life
Were quarrelling, like man and wife,
Which should possess itself of Pat;
But in Heaven's mercy, for all that
I'm here all well, and stout to view,
And ready to make love to you.
I'm nought but scars, as you would know,
If I could dare my form to shew—
'Tis hack'd and hew'd from top to toe."
L. "Dear Mr. Pat, you melt my heart;
What cut and slash'd in ev'ry part?"
P. "The trunk, 'tis true, has suffer'd sore,
Nor could it, beauty, suffer more.
But for the branches of the tree,
They're all just as they ought to be:
As for my wounds, I have a plaster
In having got so kind a master."
L. "What children has the Doctor, pray?
And may I ask, what age are they?"
P. "Children indeed, why he had five;
But none of them are now alive;
And his sweet wife, our country's pride,
Three months ago in childbed died.
Her death made many a bosom ache
Upon the banks of Keswick lake.
She thought not, as fine ladies do,
Of dresses smart, all pink and blue,
Who strive to catch the wand'ring eye
Of any fool that's passing by:
Where'er she mov'd, so nice, so fair,
All view'd the well-bred lady there.
But more, who did my mistress see,
Saw the mild form of Charity.
—As for my master, he can shew
More learning than e'en bishops know.
What knowledge lies beneath his hat,
And the fine wig that's comb'd by Pat!
No, your great church does not contain
The treasure lock'd within his brain."
L. "But what of that, it will not do,
If here your master comes to woo.
Learning, I'm sure, will never thrive
In widows' hearts of thirty-five."
P. "Pooh, nonsense! this is all your sporting;
My master comes not here a-courting.
O Heaven forbid," says honest Pat,
"That he should play a prank like that:
For worse or better should he take
Your mistress, many a heart would break,
Of dame or damsel round our lake.

Besides, there is a widow dear,
With full twelve hundred pounds a year:
And what I tell you, faith, is true;
For to speak lies I could not do
To such a pretty girl as you.
Should he not lead her to the altar,
She'd cure her love-fit with a halter."
What other powers of Pat's invention,
It might have been our lot to mention,
If nought had stopp'd his tongue's career,
Or clos'd poor Lucy's curious ear,
This John-Trot verse does not profess
To tell, or e'en presume to guess:
But here the upstairs noise and riot
Disturb'd at once the kitchen's quiet.
The damsels flew, and sought the scene
Where madam, Syntax, and the screen,
The curious medley there display'd,
Which has been either sung or said.
Pat, who knew nought of what above
Had happen'd or in hate or love,
Thought that whate'er should come to pass,
He might fill up another glass.
The wine was sweet, the ale was good,
And jug in hand he list'ning stood.
Thus, while attentive to the rout,
He heard a voice cry, "Turn him out;
Shew the base daring wretch the door,
And never let him enter more."
He heard, when, with a face all flame,
Down stairs in haste the cook-maid came;
And while, with staring eyes, amaz'd,
He on the angry vision gaz'd,
Mutt'ring strange words of dire intent,
Of base design and ravishment,
She seiz'd at once, then plung'd the mop
Into a pail of dirty slop,
And with a scullion's strong-arm'd grace,
She drove it full in Patrick's face;
Nor fail'd she with repeated blow,
And deep-ton'd tongue, to bid him go.
He at a loss the rage to shun
Of this fierce kitchen Amazon,
Struggled as well as he was able
By way of shield to seize the table,
And, in this strange bespatter'd state,
With hasty footsteps sought the gate.
But now 'tis needful to inquire
The fate of Syntax and the 'Squire,
And just to settle the arrears
Of blasted hopes and rising fears.
If e'er a pair of fine blue eyes
Were seen expressive of surprise;
If e'er surprise chang'd to alarm,
Display'd a face, now pale, now warm,
As these two feelings might impart
Their various impulse to the heart;
'Twas when his hostess did explore
The Doctor as he op'd the door;
And with unusual length of chin,
He faintly bow'd, and enter'd in.
But e'er the lady found her tongue,
For she saw something had been wrong,
He in a rather humble tone,
Thus made his serious frolic known:
"To the fair widow I have been,
Of course the blessed dame I've seen.
You must perceive I'm in a ruffle,
For, to speak truth, we've had a scuffle:
Nay, I have somewhat more to say—
I've been ill-treated in the fray!"
He then ran through his whole disaster;
Declar'd his wounds, and ask'd a plaster.
—Madam now cast a curious eye,
To see if she must laugh or cry,
And as a smile from Hearty broke,
She turn'd the scuffle to a joke.
"No harm, I trust," she said, "is done;
'Twas but a piece of Cupid's fun:
That urchin is a very Pickle,
And sometimes does his fancy tickle,
'Mong lovers thus to make a pother,
T' amuse himself, and please his mother:
But these vagaries, when they're o'er,
Are laugh'd at, and disturb no more."

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 26.—VIEW OF LAKE MAJOR AND THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS.

FROM the summit of the hills between Baveno and Stresa, a wide and magnificent prospect is displayed, the details of which are gradually developed as the traveller approaches the shore: the vari-

ous branches of Lake Major spreading themselves on the side of Locarno, Sesto, and Feriolo, unite themselves at his feet; and in the centre of this great basin, over whose surface innumerable vessels dart in different directions, leaving behind them dazzling traces of liquid light, are seated the Borromean Isles, which form a most picturesque group.

The upper, or Fisherman's Island, which, by the simplicity of its buildings, and the poverty of those who live in them, seems placed there to heighten the magnificence of *Isola Bella*, its neighbour, is only a walk of ten minutes in circumference; yet it is filled by not less than two hundred inhabitants, the greater number employed in fishing.

The Mother Island, which is also called St. Victor, is in the centre of the lake: from hence is caught a partial view of the town of Palanza. On the southern side, it is ornamented by four terraces, planted with orange and citron trees, which rise in an amphitheatre, and are overlooked by a vast erection, of simple architecture, not yet completed: it belongs to the family of Borromée. A long balustrade, shaded by vines and forming a green portico, serves as the entrance to the island. This preserves a rural appearance, not found in Isola Bella, the buildings and gardens of which are much more ornamented. Aloes, and the shrubs of warm climates, are crowded together on *Isola Madre*, or Mother Island. Birds of the south, and especially *pintados*, fly about here, at perfect liberty, in woods of laurel, cypress, or gigantic pines. The peacefulness, the freshness of the shades; the scent of the flowers, the murmur of the waters against the shores of the island, and the beauty of the objects around, render this a residence of perfect enchantment. Further still is *Isolino*, or the Isle of St. John, the nearest to Palanza: it is also distinguished by a fine mansion and pleasant gardens; but it is the smallest of the group.

The most remarkable, presenting an aspect perfectly scenic, is *Isola Bella*, or the Beautiful Island: it is seen to the north-west, occupied by a palace and some fishermen's huts. Terraces and gardens cover the whole surface of the island besides.

The palace, in which the Princes of the house of Borromée pass some weeks of the year, consists of enormous structures, but without order or external beauty: one part of it indeed, which never was finished, is falling to decay. The chapel, and the greater number of the apartments, are splendid: polished marble, gilding, and mirrors glitter in profusion; and a gallery is filled with a collection of pictures of the celebrated masters of the Italian schools. The ground-floor is particularly remarkable: it consists of a suite of saloons fitted up like grottos, the walls of which are of polished flints, skilfully arranged in compartments. Statues are placed in various situations, and fountains keep up an agreeable freshness.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

Chap. XIII.

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN—CONTRIBUTORS—AND THE DELUSIONS OF SELF-LOVE.

I continued my exertions as editor of the Imperial Magazine, New Series, for about three months, without any thing occurring worth committing to paper. I bore my honours as meekly as possible. In my notices to correspondents, I informed them, "that it was the design of the proprietors of this work, to conduct themselves in as gentlemanly a way as possible;" and I endeavoured to keep my word. I was indulgent to young beginners, particularly to those who really seemed to doubt of the strength of their claims to notice; saving the whole severity of my editorial wit for those old offenders, who, poaching upon other people's grounds, vaunted the originality of their genius. Indeed I had to contend chiefly with tyros in composition: older offenders are not content with the vehicle of a magazine, in which having at first expended all their small shot, they come forth as midwives of original poems, of which, as they have often to pay their printer, this circumstance operates most marvellously to clip the wings of their Muse; and if they are not sufficiently fortunate, like myself, to gain the editorship of some obscure magazine, they become—very useful shopmen, or clerks to attornies, &c. To the unfortunate son of genius who begged me to consider his lines, and the wants of a large family, I trust I was not unfeeling; and though Perriwinkle often hinted, that I threw away the money of the concern upon paupers, he never had to suffer for my compassion. But again I get prosing. If I were guilty of any crime, it was to those elderly spinsters, ancient as the Muses themselves, who besought my compassion for sonnets on a wild flower, on a child sleeping, or on a blue bell; and I was too much a Spenserian myself, to reject the "whiloms," the "ersts," and the "nathlesses" of Sunday pawnbrokers' clerks, who, after taking checks in the morning, vented these aspirations of their Muse in odes to pity, or rhymes about a dead hare, who, as examiners of nature, never reached farther than Hampstead or Highgate. What a medley of elegies and ballads tumbled into our correspondents' box! Such sheets full of stanzas of all sorts; such haberdashery ware from Oscars and Edgars; such strains from Agnes, Laura, and Sappho, that my pockets, borne down with their weight, groaned with their delivered labours. Alas! the age has grown so prolific in authors, that the regular bred ones can scarce get a living, from the crowd of amateurs all striving for the same goal.

Such was the anxiety of some to see their productions printed under the sanction of an editor like myself, that I was bribed with, "dear Mr. Editor," "sweet Mr. Editor,"—and "Allow me to become a correspondent in your well-arranged magazine"—"your interest-

ing magazine"—"your polite miscellany." But "soft words butter no parsnips:" the elegance of the quotation tempts me to use it. Yet I had greater encouragement to insert the productions of one gentleman and two ladies: they offered to be at any expense in printing their lucubrations. I indignantly refused this, to the dismay of Perriwinkle; and when I answered them, that "Philander, &c. will find a note for them at our publisher's," they were more disappointed at finding their labours returned, than they would have been had they been inserted, and a bill to pay of the expenses.

My ire was sometimes raised. I had old stories sent me from old magazines as originals; but when Maria sent me, as an original poem by a young lady only thirteen,

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,"

verily I was truly indignant.

All my correspondents wrote in stilts, and the prose department (advertised by Perriwinkle, unknown to me until after it was printed, as undertaken by a gentleman every way qualified to furnish an elegant mental treat; *i. e.* your humble servant,) came to my lot. This puff direct he thought would pay me for the great fag of furnishing matter. Had I been acquainted with his intention, I should have been very angry at this compliment, or at least must have pretended to be so, for such an insult offered to such extreme modesty as mine. In vain I requested prose of my "valuable correspondents," "my amiable correspondents," or "my erudite correspondents," "who, I was well aware, were perfectly capable of much in this way." At length an Essay on Duelling, or some such *original* subject, and as originally written, was proffered; but as *we* did not pay correspondents, thanks to the cultivation of literature in the present day, "the gentleman every way qualified to conduct such a work" was obliged to contribute his materials for a whole magazine every month: an article of biography, three *nouvellettes*, a criticism of the arts, &c. &c.; this, with other matter, was no small affair for a mere dabbler in literature, and indeed wanted the pen of one of those gentlemen who write with ease. I did not: I required much cogitation to compose a paper; I loved my bottle, and was long in composing. It ill becomes me, Mr. Editor, to say how my part was done: I can only say, that one department of my inditing was just as well written as the other, and for—I will once more quote—"for tragedy, comedy, history pastoral, pastoral comical, historical pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited, Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." Perriwinkle had only to print the matter, and get it out in time. He was no courtier: he therefore very seldom sweetened my labours with any praise; and as if fully determined not to spoil me with flattery, he surlily criticised my faults, but more especially hinted at the enormous sum of 30*l.* per annum which I *was* to have for editing the work.

When Worlidge the engraver was employed by that *eminent patron*, Horace Walpole, to engrave the gems at ten guineas a plate, finding the artist completed one

in a day, the noble lover of *vertu*, struck at what he thought such a redundancy of talent, which could earn so much per diem, declared off his bargain: so Perriwinkle, finding I earned my money so easily, wished to cancel his agreement. We had a long altercation on this subject, in which he suffered me to be victor, and left me, until it would better suit his purpose to provoke me to leave him. The total contempt in which I hold every pecuniary concern, gave him every advantage over me, and deservedly exposed me to the pains and penalties of ignorance.

He had embarked in a general printing concern; of course wanted a stock of paper, and as a man of very small fortune cannot be supposed to find money for every thing, he now and then, when bills became due, requested, as a *slight* favour of me, that I would advance the whole of the needful, and the next time he would be even with me. The next time came not, for him at least, and he was more than even with me: but in the mean time I every month experienced less opposition as the conductor of the Imperial Magazine. Astonished by his complaisance, a quality I had never before discovered, "Doubtless, Signior Gilliflower," I exclaimed to myself, "this partner of thine is at length satisfied, that such talents as the editor possesses are not to be thwarted; and thou hast the additional glory, of convincing even a Perriwinkle, that thou possessest abilities of the first order."—"'Tis true," said Perriwinkle, as he one day quaffed my Falernian to the success of the Imperial Magazine, "you have, Mr. Editor, much improved in your writing of late: yet it is still unequal; sometimes you are trite and vulgar, at others you really rise to sublimity."

"Nay, Perriwinkle," I exclaimed, "this is indeed too much!" But sinking "trite and vulgar," and suffering the unction of "sublimity" to sink deep in my heart, I almost caught his hand, and exclaiming, "My dear fellow," an expression I was much used to on overstepping my pint of wine—"My dear fellow," I continued, "you are beginning to get polite." But Perriwinkle having exhausted his little stock of flattery, of which indeed he kept but little by him, sunk into nonentity; while I, soon after he left me, fell asleep, and dreamt of my newly offered incense.

RIDICULE OF THE FRENCH UPON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

For the REPOSITORY.

I DO not think, Mr. Editor, that *Peregrine*, in your last Number, has much reason to complain on the score to which he refers; for, as far as I can judge on a comparison of the two, the French are quite as much made the objects of ridicule on the English stage, as the English on the French stage; nor am I of opinion that there is any real ill-nature, or, as it is commonly termed, bad blood, on either side in these supposed attacks.

I am sure I need not call to your recollection, and to that of your readers, the innumerable plays and

farces in which French manners are descriptively brought before the audience for the purpose of direct contrast and censure; I need not revive the repeated flattery of John Bull in catch-claps against what was once considered a rival nation; nor indeed can it be required of me, that I should enumerate one tenth of the plays where French characters are introduced, both male and female, that the galleries, aye and the pit and boxes too, might have a self-satisfied laugh at imaginary peculiarities and fancied absurdities. It is a very old saying of a very old philosopher, I believe, that laughter is the result of some conscious superiority; or, in other words, that the person who indulges in it does so because he thinks that he is superior to the thing or the person laughed at: and sure I am, that many of the peals re-echoed in our theatres, have their origin in this feeling, and none more so than the laughter which a blundering Frenchman usually excites on the stage.

Besides, the practice has prevailed from the earliest times, from Shakspeare's ridicule of "French inconstancy," to Goldsmith's "I hate the French, for they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes." At no time has it been more frequent than during the period mentioned by your correspondent *Peregrine;* viz. since the peace of 1815: though I shall not follow his example, by entering into any exact detail of the various pieces produced at Covent-garden, Drury-lane, the Haymarket, or the English Opera-House (exclusive of what are usually known by the name of the minor theatres), which have more or less contributed to make an English audience well contented with their own state, condition, and manners, compared with those of their neighbours across the channel. If I were to do so, I need only mention the very modern farce of "Too late for Dinner," by Mr. Jones, brought out within these few weeks; or the revived pantomimic performance of "Harlequin versus Shakspeare," now performing with so much success at Drury-lane. In both, one of the principal and most entertaining characters is a Frenchman; in the first a blunderer, and in the last a bully.

However, setting these aside, what will your correspondent say of Mr. Matthews and his imitations, for the three last seasons, in what he calls his "At Homes?" No ridicule of the French was ever so popular, or so well deserved to be popular, as far as the excellence of the performance goes. Last year, we saw a whole after-piece, if we may so call it, played by himself, which was nothing but a tissue of French and English blundering. In the present season it is repeated, though not exactly in the same form; and it is but fair to allow, that the ridicule here also extended to our countrymen. But let your readers observe in what way the laughter is excited. A Monsieur de Tourville is represented as arriving in this country, for the purpose of gaining all the information he can collect about the towns and country, laws, habits, customs, and manners of the English: he accordingly makes notes of all he sees and hears; and in his peregrinations to different places, he is

accompanied by Matthews, who takes the opportunity, in the words of the old proverb, of "killing two birds with the same stone;" and at the same time "shews the lions" to some of his country cousins. Now a great deal of the humour of Matthews's narrative depends upon the mistakes committed by the party, and especially by Mons. de Tourville, who meditates (like the celebrated General Pillet) the publication of his remarks and collections when he returns to his own country.

I should first mention, that this foreign gentleman is first introduced to the audience under no very favourable circumstances, as the writer of a letter in French-English—that is to say, in French phrases literally translated into English, or English phrases converted into French: thus, "taking up his quarters in Leadenhall-street," he calls *picking up his legs and arms;* and a beautiful *coup d'œil* he translates *a lick* in the eye. These are only a few of the laughable absurdities committed by this sagacious tourist in his letter, where he tells his friend that he will be surprised that he writes such good English!

As for the other droll errors, I will not pretend to enter into them, nor to diminish the force of them upon the risible muscles of the audience by entering into them; for I have, I apprehend, fully established what was the object of my letter; viz. to shew that the English have all along fully retaliated upon their mirth-loving neighbours, for introducing blundering John Bulls and Mrs. Bulls upon their theatres; and though our ridicule of the French has been of a different kind, it has not been less severe, or I dare say less keenly felt. I am yours, &c.

DOMO.

LONDON, April 7, 1820.

THE BETROTHMENT.

THE ringing of bells and the roaring of cannon announced to the inhabitants of Venice the magnificent festival of the marriage of the Doge to the Adriatic, on the morning of the Ascension. Young and old crowded to the canal of St. Mark, whose surface was covered in a few hours by an innumerable multitude of black gondolas and ornamented barks. Among the numbers whom curiosity had attracted to this place, was the Count Solldingen, a young German nobleman, who had made the tour of Italy, and on his return to his native country, visited Venice to witness the imposing spectacle which was about to take place.

Towards noon, the doge, richly habited, and surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of senators and foreign ambassadors, ascended the throne which had been prepared for him on board the Bucentaur, which was sumptuously adorned. The anchor was weighed, and the procession slowly and majestically advanced, saluted by the two rows of ships of war and merchant vessels with cannon and music, and accompanied by an immense crowd of gaily decorated gondolas. Near the Island of St. Helena, the pa-

triarch, with his holy train, advanced in a gilded barge to meet the vessel of the doge. When they had reached it, he threw a consecrated vessel of water into the sea, for the purpose, as is commonly believed, of propitiating the waves. The vessel then, welcomed by the cannon of the haven of St. Nicholas, steered towards the open sea; and shortly returning, the doge, stepping upon a gallery erected behind the throne, amidst the thunder of artillery, the prayers of the religious, and the acclamations of multitudes, threw into the sea a ring, repeating the words, "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum perpetui domini." The bark steered for the Island of Lido, where the doge, accompanied by all the nobility, landed, to celebrate high mass in the church of St. Nicholas.

The Count Solldingen also landed from his gondola, and endeavoured in vain to force his way with the crowd into the overflowing cathedral: on a sudden he heard some one behind him exclaim, "It is he!" The sound of his native language fell sweetly on his ear, and his heart responded to the accents. He turned hastily towards the speaker, and beheld a lovely female face. Blue eyes and flaxen ringlets betrayed the Celtic origin of the beautiful unknown, whilst the innocent blush which suffused her countenance as her eyes met his, and the earnest look with which her companion, an elderly man, regarded him, were sufficient to convince him, that the unexpected sight of him had occasioned the exclamation he had heard. He was unable to conjecture in what way he could possibly be known to the charming girl, and as her general appearance and manner indicated the superior rank both of her companion and herself, he had not courage to address her, under the dread of a probable mistake. Whether the singularity of the affair, or the beauty of the young lady, attracted him, the count, who had hitherto been no friend to adventures of gallantry, burnt with curiosity to find out who the charming unknown could be. He forgot the splendour of the scene which surrounded him; firmly resolved to follow her home, and by that means to discover her name and condition, he remained near her, taking care to keep her and her companion always in his sight. He remarked with pleasure, that she still observed him, although her looks were instantly averted whenever they met his, with a conscious blush, as if caught in some transgression. This interchange of looks would have been by no means disagreeable to the count, if it had not, by its long duration, only contributed to inflame his curiosity. He thanked Heaven when the mass was at length ended, and the procession began to be arranged for its return. He strove with all his endeavours not to lose sight of the unknown, who had turned her steps towards the shore, whither he anxiously pressed through the crowd; but here, in spite of his efforts, amidst the confusion of gondolas, and the pressure of the populace, he was at length separated from her. In vain he used every means to find her again; in vain he remained on the island till the last gondola left the shore; in vain he

offered a large reward to the gondoliers to overtake the procession, which was now far distant—the lady was lost, and could not be found.

The gaily adorned booths and shops of St. Mark's-place, the crowds of sprightly masks, and the race in the evening on the canal of Giudecca, equally failed to attract Solldingen's attention. The gaily decked gondolas, the various attitudes of the gondoliers, and the dexterity with which they steered their barks in the race, with incredible swiftness, through the surrounding throng, all passed unobserved by him. The fair unknown was the only object which his eyes incessantly sought, but sought in vain.

Wearied with the fruitless search, he returned discontentedly home. The brightness of the night drew him to the window: as he stood gazing at the moon, lost in admiration and thankfulness, the sound of a guitar roused him from his reverie. It appeared to proceed from an open window of the adjoining house. What were his feelings, when he heard a sweet female voice sing, with indescribable expression, the never-to-be-forgotten German song, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt." The beauty of the composition, and the sensibility of the words, seized with full force on his already excited mind. A crowd of sensations, by turns delightful or oppressive, rushed through his heart; and a ray of hope illumined the chaos of feelings which assailed him, that the singer was the charming unknown, so long sought in vain, and now by favourable chance brought so near to him; and while he blessed the lucky accident, he cursed the intervention of night, which prevented him from pursuing his discovery.

The following morning gave him the wished-for opportunity. He learned that his beautiful neighbour was the young Baroness Espern, who had arrived two days before with her uncle. After having been rowed twenty times backwards and forwards on the canal before the house, in the hope that she would appear at the window, his patience failed him, and he formed the resolution to send his servant to the old uncle, in his own name, to welcome his countryman to Venice, and to beg permission to wait upon him personally. The servant returned with the anxiously expected answer: "The Count Solldingen would always be a welcome visitor to Baron Espern." The count, overjoyed, did not fail to avail himself of the invitation within an hour.

The baron, a cheerful-looking man of fifty, received him with the most flattering politeness, but—alone! The more agreeable he found the civilities and courtesy of the uncle, the more he lamented the absence of the niece. He prolonged his visit beyond the ordinary limits, every minute watching the door, in expectation of her appearance; but the cruel baroness came not, and he at length found himself compelled to take his leave, regretting that his departure was marked by as much disappointment, as his arrival had been with hope and delight; when the baron exclaimed, "But I had almost forgotten, count, to introduce you to my niece!" The music of the

spheres seemed to burst upon him as the friendly baron pursued: "But she shall make my excuses; I will go and fetch her."

He left the apartment, and Solldingen remained agitated with joy and fear, with embarrassment and hope, in a state of mind, in short, which he could compare to nothing he had ever experienced before. As night disappears at the approach of morn, so the approach of the lovely baroness dissipated the embarrassment of the count. If he had before been struck by her beauty, he was now still more fascinated by the charms of mind, combined with the most innocent and unpretending artlessness, which she displayed. He gladly accepted the office of being their conductor to every thing worthy of notice in the city. Hours fled like moments in the company of the baroness; every minute discovered in her new accomplishments, which she seemed to take pleasure in displaying to him: his vanity was flattered, and he separated from her with the consciousness, that, like a powerful fairy, she had for ever bound him in the magic circle of her charms.

At every succeeding visit it became too evident to him, that he loved her; loved her with an ardour of which he had not till now imagined himself capable. This conviction, tho' sufficiently agreeable to him on the one hand, discomposed him not a little on the other. The fact was—he was already betrothed.

Count Solldingen, the father of Edward, had been, from his earliest youth, united in bonds of the strictest friendship with the Count Hochfels. Similarity of character, of rank in life, and of fortune, all combined to render their intimacy the more firm and lasting. The two fathers earnestly desired that the happiness which they had experienced in this union, might be perpetuated in their children; and therefore formed the resolution to unite Solldingen's son, Edward, with the young Emily, the only daughter of Count Hochfels. Some years after, when the latter was sent as ambassador to the English court, and was obliged to take up residence with his family in London, the friends determined to give to their purpose the sanction of the law; and young Edward, at ten years of age, was solemnly affianced to Emily, who was two years younger.

(To be continued.)

SOLUTION OF THE TWO CHARADES OF PORSON.

SIR,

BELOW I offer you a very humble poetical solution of the two charades inserted in your last, said to be (and I do not doubt they were) written by the late Professor Porson. I am, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

CHARADE I.

Your *cur* will bark in dreary night,
If thieves approach your door;
And *few* would like to risk his bite,
When the *curfew* hour is o'er.

II.

If *woe* falls on *man*, as, alas! it will do,
Oh! say not that *woman*, fair creature,
Occasion'd his sorrow: the censure's untrue;
'Tis denied by each beautiful feature!

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. LIII.

Then, like the Sibyl's leaves,
O scatter them abroad!———— Dryden.

It is the opinion of Mr. Locke, that great advantage must be derived from selecting the thoughts of able men, as they appear in their works, committing them to writing, and, as it may be, to the memory; by which means a treasure of wisdom may be collected, for the direction of our conduct and the guidance of life. A correspondent of mine, who signs herself a *Female of Nineteen*, has, it seems, pursued this practice, and favoured me with an example of it, which I shall offer to my readers; and I particularly recommend the juvenile part of them, to adopt the same mode in the course of their reading, as it will thereby furnish them with rules to assist them in those difficulties which all must necessarily experience, and where no suspicion can be entertained of the wisdom and sincerity of those counsels to which they apply.

The subject of the present selection relates principally to that state of life which more particularly determines the happiness or misery of women; and to their conduct in it, their views should be directed, and their minds prepared. Their change is so great when compared with the other sex, that they cannot give too much preparatory consideration to it, previous to their entrance into such a solemn and indissoluble an engagement as marriage. But this is not all: when the contract of the altar is completed, the vows declared, and the rites solemnized, then the principles of domestic conduct which have been learned, are to be put in practice; and I cannot offer a more friendly wish to any of my sex, than that the rules which this paper will be found to contain, may govern their lives, as they seem to me to comprise, as far as they go, unerring guides to matrimonial happiness. From whence they were taken I cannot determine, but the *young Lady of Nineteen*, who presents them to me, undoubtedly manifests an uncommon prematurity of judgment, which I hope will be confirmed by her own practical adoption of them.

F—— T——.

Habituate yourself to that way of life most agreeable to the person to whom you are united; be content in retirement or with society, with the town or the country.

If he should prefer the country during your earlier years, a period when diversions are most attractive, it may at first be painful; you may be sensible of the privation: but your chance for durable happiness is infinitely greater there, than where each side is beset with continual dangers to domestic tranquillity.

Make choice of such amusements as will attach him to your company. Study such occupations as will render you of consequence to him; such as the management of his fortune, and the conduct of his house, yet without assuming a superiority unbecoming your sex.

If his turn of mind leads him to the inspection and care of his estate, avoid to interfere with a branch of government not properly your sphere.

Should he be neglectful of his family interests, supply his place with redoubled attention.

If public employment demands frequent absences from home, make his supposed intentions there to be as much respected as if he were present, by your own deference to them.

If the contagion of example gain too strong an empire over him, if he should be misled by pleasures, or hurried by passion, let not your impatience prevent his return to reason.

Let an early examination of his temper prepare you to bear with inequalities, to which all are more or less subject.

Do not attempt to destroy his innocent pleasures by pretexts of economy; retrench rather your own expenses, to promote them.

Should he sometimes delight in trivial occupations, treat such with complaisance, as few but the idle have leisure to be very ill-tempered.

Disturb not the hours he may have allotted for amusement, with the recital of domestic grievances.

Watch for, and profit of, such moments of his leisure as will allow him, without pain or chagrin, to redress them.

Let your attentions be continued, and not accompanied by any affectation; yet so easy, as may prove they flow from the heart.

The least appearance of flattery, mingled with assiduity, conveys a suspicion of interest.

If absolute necessity, or free choice, call him often from home (suppose it to be too often), when he shall revisit that home, make it so agreeable, that it shall finally acquire the preference.

Shew the greatest respect to his near relations; observe a constant civility towards the more distant: let there be no marked distinction between those, on either side, in your own breast; though natural affection may, nay indeed ought, to prevail.

Should you be so unfortunate as to be connected with a family divided by dissensions, or of various tempers; by studying them early, you will distinguish such among them as merit cultivation, and are open to friendship: you will consequently be acquitted by the world, for want of success with that part to whom kindness would prove ineffectual.

During the education of men in schools, colleges, and academies, friendships are formed, perhaps too early sometimes to be judicious, but equally hard to dissolve: if, in consequence, you behold such with pain, do not attempt to break them with precipitation.

When a person shall see his friends coolly received in his own house, he will naturally seek occasions to meet them abroad: maintain therefore your interest with him, by a polite behaviour to those he so prefers, though you may not.

From the moment you shall have formed an indissoluble engagement, avoid every path which leads to jealousy; harbour not the dangerous guest with you, and by every prudent caution suffer it not to fix near you.

Unbounded demonstrations of

tenderness, though authorized by sacred ties, are often as productive of inconveniences, as the most unwarrantable aversions.

Should you have too just cause for suspicion of a change of affection, and its diversion to another object, let a ready and obliging indulgence attempt the work of reformation: it promises better success than discontent and clamorous grief.

Jealousy is oft ideal; it is capricious, its dictates inconsiderate, its suggestions fatal to mutual repose.

The allowed superiority of the other sex, the liberties of their education, demand abundance of allowances from ours, if we aspire at esteem and influence.

It would be equally mean to dissemble in a manner that could increase the contempt of those who are the cruel cause of your sufferings; or by hurting your fortune, or by bereaving you of a friend.

If you discover, on the other side, a disposition to this unhappy passion, treat the phantom as if it were a reality; try to remove the apparent cause, by every sacrifice in your power, were it even to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

The most dangerous position for a young person to be thrown into, is for the world to be apprized of her harsh treatment; it exposes her to every mode of seduction that interested pity can devise, and requires infinite virtue and fortitude to guard her against its insinuations.

The delicate but firm counsels of a friend, religion, and, if possible, a speedy retreat for a while, are the safest remedies against the artful but soothing attentions of real or seeming admirers, at moments that the mind is irritated by reproach, or the severities inflicted by unjust suspicions.

If a rooted aversion shall appear to be directed to any one object, abandon the connection with decency and good-breeding, in order that it may escape observation; and, at the same time, exert all your endeavours to erase that object from your own memory.

Should your union be attended with greater felicity than is the usual lot of our sex, govern your just affections, to preserve it; for by too much anxiety, you may ultimately destroy it.

It is natural, in our uncertain state, to dread the changes to which it is liable; but our apprehensions should be seldom repeated: as to easy natures, it is painful; to a harsher turn, importunate.

Sufficient are the real difficulties we have each to encounter in the course of our lives; take care, therefore, to create none: use your reason in combating the former; and be silent if the weakness of your frame prevents an entire suppression of fictitious ones.

If afflicted with bad health, avoid complaint: it is an increasing habit, affording no essential relief to the sufferer, and too apt to make the lives of others as irksome as your own.

You will contract indelicacy by description of your infirmities: you may excite compassion from a humane disposition, but you risk a diminution of affection.

The satisfaction of those on whom you depend, requires now and then

some degree of self-denial in you: amongst the happiest connections, there will be diversity of opinions; and it has of old been decreed, that those of the female part of the creation should give way to their superiors.

A Female of Nineteen.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Portraits of eminent foreign Composers, accompanied with biographical Notices. No. I. Pr. 7s. (Boosey and Co. Hollés-street.)

The above is the commencement of a splendid periodical work, a number of which is to be published on the 1st of every month, by Messrs. Boosey and Co. containing the portrait of some celebrated composer, accompanied by a short biography.

The series begins, as it ought, with the likeness of the greatest composer now living—the stern colossus of harmony, the sombre, mystic poet of sounds, the profound, the eccentric *Lewis van Beethoven.* If we had not been assured that the likeness is striking, we should still have thought it such, from the intrinsic evidence it affords. Had the print been mixed with those of twenty other composers, all unnamed, we should have said, "This austere, energetic, deeply thoughtful countenance; these features, in which a smile must be as transient as a sunny gleam through an awful storm cloud—as short and fleeting as a sweetly melodious motivo in the Rasumowsky quartetts—these cannot be the lineaments of any other being than Beethoven." Physiognomy is the index of the mind, and the mind of man is reflected in his productions in general. This is more particularly the case in works of art, and above all in music; because music is a medium the least clogged by positive material forms, and therefore the least liable to warp the emanations of our mind and feelings. The works of Händel, Gluck, Haydn, Päesiello, Mozart, Pleyel, &c. display their respective characters and being; but none more conspicuously than the compositions of Beethoven.

It would lead us too far away, to enumerate all the characteristic features in the style of this great composer. It is evident, that in point of melody he falls short of Mozart, at least as to proportional quantity. On the other hand, when Beethoven chooses to be melodious—and such paroxysms are neither frequent, nor of long duration—we think his subjects are of a higher order, more original, more deeply fetched, more deeply affecting, more genial, more fervid, we had almost said, more superhuman—than the strains of any other composer. They work more powerfully upon our sympathies; we feel something like the sensation produced by an odour never smelt before. Such his melodies appear to us: his harmonies are equally peculiar. That a genius, like him, should have ventured further than any other upon the rugged domain of Dissonance, is not surprising; but even in the treatment and combination of his parts, he stands single. Disregarding the

convenience of the performer, he disdains the fetters of established forms of accompaniment, crowds zig-zag notes into the subservient parts, not so much from whim, as for the sake of particular effect. Hence the comparative difficulty of Beethoven's music, the danger for even the experienced player to trust to the forebodings of the ear, the necessity of the eye being for ever on the watch, and the impossibility of executing many of his works at sight, however great the reward of perseverance in mastering these obstacles.

The short biography which accompanies this print cursorily adverts to a few of the most material occurrences in Beethoven's life. The career of a composer seldom furnishes many striking incidents: that of Beethoven less than any other, his residence having been stationary, at Vienna, for nearly thirty years. An annuity of 4000 florins has been settled upon him by some Austrian noblemen, on the condition of his not leaving the Austrian dominions without their consent. Beethoven was born in the year 1772, at Bonn in Germany, where his father served as tenor-singer in the chapel of the late Elector of Cologne. He is a pupil of Haydn and of Albrechtsberger, one of the greatest German theorists.

It would be difficult to speak in too high terms of the value and the typographical execution of this publication. The print is engraved in the most finished style, and the accessory part of the work is devised in a manner highly tasteful and elegant. The second number, containing a portrait of Mozart, is announced as being in the press.

Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a critical View of his Compositions, by J. N. Forkel, *translated from the German.* Pr. 4s. (Boosey and Co. Holles-street)

During six consecutive generations, the family of the Bachs has produced a succession of men distinguished by innate musical talent. The history of the art numbers upwards of a dozen Bachs, more or less celebrated in their profession. Of all these, *John Sebastian Bach* stands foremost. He was born at Eisenach in Saxony, 21st March, 1685; and died at Leipzig, 30th July, 1750. No man, before or since his time, wielded the organ, and other keyed instruments, with equal mastery; no man, to this day, has penetrated so far into the maze of harmonic combinations, or possessed the whole artifice and tactics of compositorial evolutions in an equal degree. In all these respects, he stands far above Händel, his cotemporary. No composer, since the time of Sebastian Bach, has arrived at excellence without the aid of his works; and we may safely venture to add, none will reach first-rate eminence without he studies so transcendent a model. Without Sebastian Bach for a pilot, the young artist will be in the situation of a mariner, who has the presumption to sail over distant seas, unassisted by the experience of those that have navigated them before him.

"But," say some of our fashionable professors (the dandies of the art), "the style of Bach is antiquated, void of melody; he ex-

celled in fugues, which are out of date, except with the remnants of the old school." Upon persons of this stamp, a serious answer is next to being thrown away: the grapes are sour, because they are out of reach. The fact is, the classic works of Sebastian Bach (those of the last twenty years of his life) are full of the most beautiful melodies; generally, it is true, of rather a serious, or at least thoughtful cast, but so fresh, so elegant, that a stranger to them might be deceived into a belief of their being recently written. And as to Bach's fugues, whoever has heard them well executed, will find few others to his taste. Fugues are nowadays as much over-depreciated as they were over-idolized in former times. Their construction, we allow, requires less musical genius, than cool positive contrivance and elaborate art; but a musical genius, untutored in this artifice, is like a painter unacquainted with perspective: not to mention that on certain occasions, the introduction of the fugue is one of the highest triumphs of compositorial art.—What is there (to adduce a modern instance) more perfect, more wonderful, more admired by both the profane and the initiated, than the fugue which ushers in the opera of the "Magic Flute?"

But to revert to the book before us: it is written by the late Forkel, the author of the History of Music, which, to the regret of every lover of the art, he did not live to complete. The portion which contains the few incidents of Bach's unchequered career, is comparatively small. By far the greatest part of the book is devoted to critical remarks on his works, and on his method and system of playing. It is to Bach we owe our present system of fingering. Before him, it may be said, no system at all existed; the thumb (now of all the five fingers the most essential agent) was then excluded from the keyboard. Mr. Forkel's criticisms will be read with the highest interest, and the remarks he offers on various branches of the art, cannot fail to be of infinite use to the student, and indeed to the composer himself: their value is the greater, as it is but seldom that criticisms of this description come before the public. A catalogue *raisonné* of Bach's compositions, with the themes of many of them, is introduced in due course.

The English translation evidently proceeds from a professional and highly competent pen; it does credit to the anonymous author.

L'Elise, a new Waltz, composed for the Piano-forte. Pr. 1s. 6d. (R. Harmon. Institution.)

It is but a waltz; about a dozen lines: but these we would not exchange against all the music, one or two pieces excepted, which forms this month's review. We never heard it before; but the author appears to us to lurk in the style. Two to one, it is written by Beethoven. *Ex ungue leonem!* If we were fortunately mistaken in our guess, if British talent should happily have produced this little gem, and modestly have declined owning it, how happy, how proud should we feel in having missed the mark! Such of our readers as can master an easy sonata of Dussek or Clementi, will be able to

play, or at least to learn, this waltz, and ought to lose no time in adding it to their stock. But let them study it well, a little at a time. Every expression is marked out for them: let *none* of these escape their attention; let their own feeling warm them into additional infusions of colouring: mind your pianos and fortes; don't miss one tie; fingers off where there are rests (they are not dead letters); subdue the close of your periods. In short, don't rattle through the piece, as a charity boy would chatter off his collect.

We ought, perhaps, to ask pardon for thus being schoolmaster instead of critic. A sameness of weapon——But enough! The advancement of the art, practically or theoretically, is our well-meant motive; and a few hints, we thought, might contribute to establish more generally the justice of our recommendation of this waltz.

"*The Waves retreating from the Shore*," *a Duet, composed* by T. Attwood. Pr. 2s. (R. Harmon. Institution).

A neat pleasing duet of small extent and great simplicity. Both vocal parts are quite easy, the second moving either in thirds or sixths: the accompaniment, too, presents no intricacy of any kind.

"*Tears that exhale*," *Song, composed* by T. Attwood. Pr. 1s. 6d. (R. Harmon. Institution).

On a text of rather unmusical diction, metre, and perhaps import, Mr. A. has succeeded in inventing an air of considerable attraction. The song proceeds in a simple, natural, melodious course; its constituent periods are well ordered, connected, and proportioned, and their varied expression accords with the purport of the poetry. This latter merit attaches conspicuously to the minore portion. The vocal part and the accompaniment are free from the slightest executive difficulties.

The Saltzburg Waltz, inscribed to Miss Elliot of Pimlico Lodge, composed by Thomas Attwood.—Pr. 1s. 6d. (R. Harmonic Institution.)

A waltz in C major, with a trio in A minor, and another in F major. The beginning, with a running bass in ascent, followed by a descending treble, with the melody below, is clever enough in point of contrivance; but we think the idea, at the outset, liable to this observation: that it creates too much bustle and dissonance (by passing notes in the bass), where the key ought to be strongly told. The minore portion is rather dull; but the whole of the part with one flat makes amends for it: it is in very good style, very pleasing, and in some instances truly elegant.

A Turkish March, from Mozart's Opera, "*L'Enlevement du Serail,*" *arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Harp (ad lib.)* by T. Attwood. Pr. 4s. (R. Harmonic Institution).

This opera of Mozart's contains some beautiful pieces, which are little known in England. The above march derives its interest, independently of the fulness of the harmony, from its energetic wild character, and from the great originality of the $\frac{2}{4}$ movement, the subject of which is said to be authentically Turkish. The military music of the Ottoman troops, such

as we have often heard it at the head of their columns, certainly is not unlike some portions of the piece in question, the harmonic substructure excepted; for, save a few occasional, and rather random sounds of accompaniment, mostly octaves and fifths (and famously consecutive too), we never could make out their harmony at all, not even in the Capudan Pacha's band, who were deemed professors; but rather the very reverse. Nay, although the men marched very briskly to the sound, we seldom succeeded in guessing even the tempo.

In this $\frac{2}{4}$ movement a similar intricacy of time forms an additional feature of probable authenticity. It is a sort of *tempo d'imbroglio*, which may exercise incipient performers. Mr. Attwood has made an effective arrangement from the score: the second, however, appears to be confined to the business of accompaniment. Neither of the parts will be found difficult, when once the matter of time has been rightly understood.

A Funeral Hymn and Chorus, for the Obsequies of our late pious Sovereign George III. composed by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Preston, Strand.)

Although music, in this country, is greatly indebted to the fostering protection of our late monarch, this is almost the only tribute which the art has offered to his memory; and this we owe to a provincial town, Ipswich, where the present hymn formed part of the mournful function occasioned by the demise of our venerable king. The text is by Mrs. J. Gobbold; its solemn simplicity, and the pious and loyal fervour which it breathes, must have come from the heart, and must have reached the hearts of a population untainted with the venom of discontent and sedition. Mr. Danneley's composition, although probably the work of a very limited space of time, presents some features of decided merit. The andante (solo) is written with due pathos; and in the finale, consisting of soprano, alt, tenor, and bass, we observe various contrapuntal contrivances highly creditable to his talent.

Dramatic Airs, from English, Italian, German, and French Operas, arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte. Nos. 3 and 4. Pr. 2s. each. (Preston, Strand.)

In the third number of this periodical publication, the air "L'Uccellatore," from the Magic Flute, forms the principal subject. The rondo, however, commences with another motivo, of a cantabile and very pleasing melody, to which the operatic air, in three sharps, succeeds in a natural and connected manner. An episodical portion in D major, in good style, and written with fluency, claims favourable mention; and a variation on the air (p. 7) is equally entitled to commendation. The author is Mr. W. Sherrington, and his performance—the first of his composition we recollect to have seen—does him credit.

No. 4. is a rondo by Mr. T. Haigh, founded on a well-known Irish dance, with the claim of which to "operatic" rank we are unacquainted. These sorts of tunes are not very eligible for such a purpose; they are too common, and the imperfection and oddity in their

terminating cadences are such, that it may be said, they end no where. But tastes are various. What may appear to us an objection, is perhaps a merit with many others, especially when we add; that the manner in which Mr. H. has handled his Hibernian subject, bespeaks matured talent and classic taste. To be sure he has often taken leave of his theme, and whenever he has played truant, he has succeeded best. His digressive portions are in the best style, his passages are terse and fanciful, and his modulations extremely select. The composition altogether is one of great merit.

The Grand Overture to the Opera "Le Nozze di Figaro," as performed at the King's Theatre, composed by Mozart, arranged for two Performers on one Piano-forte by M. P. King. Pr. 3s. (Preston, Strand.)

Notwithstanding the various adaptations of this overture that have from time to time been noticed in our monthly reviews, we owe it to Mr. K. to say, that his labour possesses eminent claims to our commendation. The passages in which a peculiar contrapuntal interlacement predominates, are ably transferred to the piano-forte; and, in general, the substance and spirit of the original are as faithfully preserved as four hands can be presumed to be capable of executing with convenience. We regret the tempo has not been metronomically indicated, because this overture is frequently spoilt by being taken too slow.

"Dear Kate, thy charms were like the rose," Song, written by Mr. J. Cole, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d. (J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

A rustic love-song: the swain expresses his affection in accents by no means languishing; on the contrary, his strains are of a bold character, resembling a march motivo: this sort of spirit and energy, upon the whole, has no detrimental result in the melody, and will no doubt have met with applause at the Covent-Garden and Surrey Theatres, where the composition has been sung, as the title states. In p. 2, the word "any" has too much accent; and the exact transposition of phrases from one scale to another, successively, as in the bottom line, however common in former times, has now become so obsolete, that, in some books on composition, the practice has obtained the nickname "Rosalia," from a song which furnishes the most abundant examples of this description.

"Cupid's Garland," or "Female Perfection," Song, composed by J. Monro. Pr. 1s. 6d. (J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

The words of this song are stated to be written by the author of "Ellen Aureen," and Master Hyde is mentioned as having sung it with applause at the London concerts. The melody (B ♭, $\frac{4}{4}$) is pleasing, not unlike a song of Bishop's, "Love has eyes;" the periods are in good keeping, and the accompaniment is quite satisfactory. For the two last lines in each stanza, a lively melodic burden in $\frac{6}{8}$ time has been devised, which resembles, however, too closely the motivo of the $\frac{4}{4}$ part. The little episodical instrumental solos generally repeat or imitate the vocal phrases; a

practice which ought to be sparingly resorted to, to avoid sameness.

" *Because it looks like you,*" *a Ballad, by Mrs. Catherine Ward, as sung by Miss Stephens at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden; the Music* by Dr. Jay. Pr. 2s. (Phillips and Co. Old Bond-street.)

Although we do not pretend to be quite *au fait* in regard to the import of some of the phrases of this text, we must say, there is that musical euphony in the words which suit lyric compositions. Of all languages, the English requires the nicest selection, when it is to be set to music. One half of our words, if not more, are useless to the composer; or, if he venture among them, they act as breakers on his reputation. The abundance of harsh consonants, the galloping accentuation, the snappish monosyllables, incapable of a lengthened musical sound, and many more such drawbacks, impede the labour of the tasteful lyric poet. We know none that steered more clear of these difficulties than Mr. T. Moore. His texts, whether composed by him or by others, are absolutely cantable, if we may be allowed the expression.

This song, and others of Dr. Jay's composition which have lately come under our notice, convince us that he has discovered the right point of his musical capabilities. His talent for lyric composition is obvious. The air of " Because it looks like you" is of cheerfully tender expression; the style elegant, simple, innocent; there is a certain inviting freshness in the whole, and the melody tallies extremely well with the text. This is particularly observable in the burden, " Yes, ah yes! it looks like you," which it would be difficult to conceive more aptly set. In this portion, however, a more active system of accompaniment would, in our opinion, have been of great advantage in itself, and have formed, moreover, a desirable change from the form of instrumental support adopted in the whole of the preceding part. The symphony is very pretty.

" *Journal des Dames,*" *a Collection of National Airs, Waltzes, &c. arranged for the Spanish Guitar, and dedicated to Miss Gifford,* by C. M. Sola. Pr. 2s. (Falkner, Old Bond-street.)

Eight or nine short pieces of diversified character, progressive in difficulty, written with taste, and occasionally with considerable harmonic combination. Some of the movements, such as Nos. 4. and 6. appear to us highly attractive, and particularly effective on the guitar, so far as a limited knowledge of the instrument enables us to judge.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin high dress: the body is laced behind; the back is plain, and moderately wide: the front is ornamented with lace lozenges; there are two rows let

in on each side, which forms the front in the stomacher style: the waist is very long. Long sleeves, made rather tight, and finished at the hand with lace: the epaulette, which is very full, is formed into lozenge puffs by narrow tucked bands of cambric muslin. There is no collar, but a full fall of lace goes round the dress at the throat. A single flounce of very rich work ornaments the bottom of the skirt. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of the beautiful new silk called *zephyreene*; the colour is a peculiar shade of lavender: it is made tight to the shape, long in the waist, ornamented with rosettes on the hips, and has a high collar rounded in front: the sleeve is moderately wide; it is finished at the hand by three narrow rouleaus of *gros de Naples*, each at a little distance from the other. The half-sleeve is composed of alternate folds of *gros de Naples* and zephyreene, which are crossed in front of the arm. The skirt is of an easy fulness, and is trimmed at bottom only with a fulness of lavender-coloured gauze, intermixed with satin to correspond. We refer to our plate for the form of this trimming. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of white *gros de Naples*: the crown is low; the brim large, but extremely becoming, formed something in the capuchin style, but to stand out a good deal from the face; the edge of the brim is finished with blond, and a bouquet, composed of a full-blown rose, surrounded with buds and leaves, is placed in front: strings, to correspond with the pelisse, tie it under the chin. Lavender-coloured kid boots, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

A low dress, composed of Urlings' lace, figured in a leaf pattern: it is worn over a white satin slip; the waist is rather long; the back plain, and the front formed exactly to the shape of the bosom. The dress is cut much lower in front of the bust than behind. A wreath of leaves, composed of lace, and edged with pink *gros de Naples*, goes round the bust. The sleeve is a mixture of pink *gros de Naples* and rich lace: the former in full bias folds, the latter quilled between the folds; these folds are so disposed, as to form a finish to the bottom of the sleeve, which is also ornamented by two small bunches of leaves, one attached to each of the folds. The skirt is fancifully trimmed with pink *gros de Naples*, laid on plain in separate pieces; the top of each is something in the lozenge style: a rich and uncommonly good imitation of Valenciennes lace is quilled round this trimming, and a deep flounce of lace to correspond finishes it at the bottom: the effect is novel and strikingly elegant. The front hair is dressed in loose curls, which fall low at the sides of the face; it is less parted on the forehead than we have lately seen it: the hind hair is negligently fastened up by a pearl comb; a few ringlets descend from the crown of the head to the throat, but are not suffered to fall into the neck. Head-dress, artificial flowers tastefully intermixed with the hair. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves, and white silk shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *corset à la*

Grecque, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have endeavoured to procure the most correct information respecting the summer fashions, and have seen various novelties which were to appear as soon as the mourning was at an end: we shall lay the result of our researches before our fair readers; at the same time we must observe, that, owing to the fondness which many leaders of the modes display for the French fashions, we may expect that, in the course of May, many changes will take place.

For promenade dress, we have as yet seen nothing prepared but pelisses and spencers: they are of silk, which is in general of the most substantial texture, and are lined with white sarsnet: the form most fashionable for pelisses, is similar to the one given in our print. There is as yet little variety in trimmings; they are principally composed of an intermixture of satin and gauze, or else satin and the same silk as the pelisse.

Spencers are made in general with a small jacket, which comes no further than the bust, and is rounded off at the sides: they are made to sit very full behind, and being short, have a jaunty air. The collars are high, and in general plain; but the epaulettes are very full: they are also made of a mixture of silk and satin.

Leghorn and silk bonnets seem likely to be equally in estimation for the promenade: we have seen several of the latter made to correspond with the pelisse or spencer with which they were to be worn, and a few also in white; but those latter seem likely to be principally confined to carriage costume. Both promenade and carriage bonnets are ornamented with artificial flowers: we have seen some very profusely trimmed at the edge of the brim in the French style; or rather we should say they are trimmed, under the edge of the brim, with gauze or blond intermixed with white satin *coques*, or small wreaths of flowers. There does not appear any likelihood at present that bonnets will decrease in size.

Among the novelties in preparation for carriage dress, one of the most elegant is a pelisse composed of French white *gros de Naples*: there is nothing remarkable in the form of the pelisse; but the epaulettes and trimming are very novel and tasteful: the latter is composed of a mixture of pink satin and white transparent gauze; the latter is laid on full in a scroll pattern, and intersected with very narrow rouleaus of satin: the trimming is finished at each side with a narrow edging of pink satin. The epaulette is extremely full; it forms a large puff in front of the arm; this puff is filled with an intermixture of folds of gauze and satin placed bias. We should observe, that the trimming goes all round, and the collar and cuffs correspond with it.

Cambric and jaconot muslin are the only materials which we have seen prepared for morning dress. Gowns are made plain in the back, long in the waist, and in general to fasten behind; they are mostly

laced, but we have seen a few buttoned. Sleeves are rather tight, but the epaulettes are in general very full. As yet we have not seen any morning dresses trimmed very high, nor is there any great variety in the trimming of those few already made up; worked flounces laid on plain or in waves, and headed with a fulness of muslin, or else rich work let-in in waves, with flounces between, are the only trimmings that we have as yet seen in fashionable houses.

Very few dinner dresses have as yet been made in muslin, but we have seen a good many in silk, and of a texture which we consider infinitely too substantial for the season; in fact, our levantines, *gros de Naples*, *reps*, and queen's silk, are almost as stout as the brocades, tissues, and damasks of our grandmammas. Some additions have been made to our stock of silks: one of these is the material called zephyreene, of which the pelisse given in our print is composed; another is the *soie de Londres*, an extremely beautiful silk; it resembles levantine in substance, and satin in glossiness of texture. Those dinner gowns that we have seen, are cut low; and both morning and dinner dress is now made in a style much more advantageous to the shape, than it was a few months ago: the backs of gowns are narrower, and much more sloped than they were; and the sleeve is set in so as to give a breadth to the chest, without falling too much off the shoulder. White and coloured gauze, satin, and blond, are the materials at present used for trimmings. We have just seen one of the most novel in form that has been introduced for some time: the dress is a pale lilac levantine; the trimming is of white transparent gauze; it is laid on in a wave which is slightly puckered, and each edge of the wave is finished with a very narrow lilac gauze *ruche*; between each wave is placed a bunch of leaves composed of white gauze, and edged with lilac levantine: this trimming is very broad, and it has really an uncommonly striking and elegant effect.

White silks, satin, and lace, seem likely to be most in favour in full dress; a mixture of coloured silk in trimmings is a novelty which appears likely to become fashionable. Among the trimmings which we have noticed, one of the most novel and pretty is a chain composed of coloured ribbon, laid on in a zig-zag pattern, and intermixed with white blond lace; a deep flounce of blond terminates this trimming.

Full-dress gowns are all cut low, but by no means indelicately so round the bust. The sleeves are very short and full; the most novel is the style given in our print. Where the dress is of silk, the sleeve is very frequently composed wholly of lace. British blond is very much in favour, but we have seen also imitations of Valenciennes, Mechlin, &c. used to trim several dresses.

There is very little novelty in millinery: artificial flowers seem likely to be more worn for the head than any thing else. It is not easy yet to decide what colours will be most fashionable; but among the dresses that we have seen, azure, levantine, pink, and lilac, were most prevalent.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, April 18.

My dear Sophia,

Our promenade dresses at present exhibit more variety in material than they have done for some time past: French cachemire, various kinds of silk, cambric muslin, and Merino cloth, of a slight but very beautiful description, are all worn for the promenade. Until within the last few days, there was as much variety in the form as in the materials of our dress, but now we are all attired *en Amazone.* This fashion, which is neither generally becoming nor appropriate to the season, made its appearance at Longchamp. I believe I once before mentioned to you, that Longchamp was always the rage for a short time after Easter: it is there that those belles who lead the modes, go to display their own inventions, or those of their *marchandes de modes;* and many a father and husband pettishly consigns this fashonable promenade to the devil, when he hears his wife or daughter protest that she must absolutely have such and such articles of dress, because nothing else is seen at Longchamp. I shall not, however, confine myself to our Amazonian costume, because it will most probably not last a week more; I shall therefore endeavour to give you a general idea of what has been fashionable during the last month.

First, I must observe, that cambric muslin dresses are much less trimmed than they were last year: two worked flounces, with a letting-in of lace, tulle, or work between, is a very fashionable style of trimming; another equally in favour, consists of three rouleaus laid on slightly in waves, and put near each other. Waists are worn still longer than when I wrote last; sleeves are made almost tight to the arm; and gowns, whether made high or low, always fasten behind; some are laced, and others button.

Spencers are of two descriptions: some are made to fasten in front with a very high collar; they have no trimming, but are worn with a broad sash of the same material, which is rounded at the ends, and tied at the side in two small bows and long ends. The other style of spencer, which is, in my opinion, the most becoming to the figure, is buttoned behind, and is ornamented in front of the bust with braiding disposed in a wave pattern, each wave finished by Brandenbourgs. Long straight sleeve, finished with an epaulette cut out in tabs; each of these tabs is ornamented with a Brandenbourg. A plain turned-up cuff, a little pointed in front of the arm, and a single Brandenbourg affixed to the point. The collar is very shallow; it is open in front of the throat, but fastens behind. Spencers are of *gros de Naples, velours épingle,* and various other substantial silks.

High dresses are made remarkably plain; they are tight to the figure, moderately wide in the back, and very long in the waist: the trimming consists either of rouleaus, or else a single plain band at the bottom of the dress:

sometimes the band or rouleaus correspond, but they are very frequently of a different colour.

Those gowns made in the habit style, are rather narrower in the back than the others, particularly at the bottom of the waist; they are always made with a jacket, and the fronts are very much trimmed with braiding. There is also a half-sleeve; it is square, but is cut up a little in front of the arm, and the ends turned back, and fastened with buttons on each side; it is ornamented with two Brandenbourgs, one on the shoulder, and another in the middle of the half-sleeve: the collar is always very high behind, but sloped down in front. I must observe, that all collars stand out considerably from the throat; and that large ruffs, which are worn withinside the collar, form an indispensable part of promenade dress.

Now for our bonnets, or, as we call them, *chapeaux:* they are still worn large, and are of various materials—plaid taffety, white straw, *paille-coton*, china, and French crape of different colours, and a mixture of crape and satin, or gauze and satin. The brims of some hats are bent very much over the face, and they are very wide at the sides; others have a brim of more moderate size, rounded at the sides, and very deep in front. The crowns are of different forms, but all low; some are round, others set in like the caul of a cap; and several in the form of a *calotte*, which is an exact resemblance of a skull-cap. The crowns of bonnets are variously ornamented: some with a bouquet of flowers in front; others have a wreath of lilies round the crown, and a bunch of the same placed in front; those that are made in gauze, are frequently ornamented with gauze only. All bonnets are lined: those of straw, cotton-straw, and coloured silk, are usually lined with white; but those made of plaid gauze, are generally lined with some very glaring colour, as deep rose, or citron-colour. The edges of the brims are variously ornamented; many are turned up, and finished with a rouleau of the same material as the bonnet. Some of those made in silk, have a band of the same material inside the edge of the brim; many are worn plain, and a still greater number are loaded with ornaments, in a style which I shall try to describe to you, if I can make my meaning intelligible.

The brim itself is edged either with a *ruche*, or a wreath of shells formed of ribbon; immediately under this is placed a row of puffs in white or coloured gauze, to correspond with the ribbon; a row of shells is laid close to that, and then a second row of puffs: sometimes gauze *bouillonè* is substituted for puffs.

And now let us come to home dress, for I fancy you will think I have kept you out of doors long enough. Our present breakfast costume is neat and appropriate, but I can't say I think it very becoming: it consists of a short bed-gown (excuse the word, for I protest I can find no other,) and petticoat of cambric muslin; the latter is made very long, and is finished with two flounces of jaconot muslin put close together: the dress is loose in the body, but has very little fulness, and is fastened

round the waist by a sash of the same material: the bottom of the sleeve is trimmed with two flounces to correspond. A single flounce goes round the bottom and up each of the fronts of the dress, and a deep muslin frill, one half of which stands up round the throat, and the other falls in the neck, is substituted for a collar. I must observe, that the frill and the flounces are plaited extremely small, which has a neat but rather formal appearance. The head-dress is a cambric muslin cap, made exactly like an infant's, and drawn in the same manner; the border is of worked muslin put very full over the forehead, and plain at the sides; it is tied with a coloured ribbon under the chin.

Many ladies who do not choose to adopt this style of dishabille, wear cambric muslin high gowns, with long aprons of the same material; the apron comes rather far back, and is flounced all round with jaconot muslin: a single flounce of the same material finishes the bottom of the dress; it is sewed on very full, and is disposed in deep plaits.

The materials for dinner dress are the same as for the promenade: high gowns are very much worn for home costume, and even for social parties: low dresses are, however, rather more prevalent, but they are always cut so as to shield the bust in a very delicate style. The skirts of gowns are now of a moderate fulness: some of our *belles* complain that they are of a prudish and even inconvenient length, for you can hardly distinguish the colour of the slipper, as it peeps from beneath them. *A-propos* to slippers: I had forgotten, in speaking of the promenade costume, to observe to you, that those worn for walking are always either black, or else to correspond in colour with the dress: they are of kid leather. Half-boots are still fashionable for walking, but shoes are rather more predominant.

But to return to the dinner gowns: the skirts are still very full behind, but they are not drawn so tight round the form in front of the figure. Waists are very long, and the bodies are as tight as possible to the form. The busts of *perkale* dresses are usually trimmed with tulle; those made in silk have the trimming to correspond with the skirt; and the epaulettes are generally finished in the same manner as the skirt, whether the dress be of silk or muslin.

Gauze, tulle, crape, and satin, are all worn for full dress: gowns are cut in general very low round the bust, and the sleeves are much shorter than they were a few months back, but they are still a decorous length: they are usually very full, some formed of bias folds, others surmounted by an epaulette, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. Full rouleaus looped with flowers, bias quillings of plaid gauze ribbons, and rows of Spanish puffs let-in at irregular distances, with bows of ribbon or flowers between, are all worn to trim gowns in full dress.

We have at present a perfect mania for flowers; nothing else is to be seen in grand costume. The hair is dressed in too studied a style, but not unbecomingly: it is a good deal parted on the forehead, and is disposed in a full cluster of ring-

lets on each side, but does not fall low: the hind hair is braided, and the braids formed into bows; the flowers are tastefully disposed, partly among the braids, and partly among the curls in front. Till lately, jewels were mingled with the flowers, but now this fashion is very much on the decline, and is principally confined to those *parvenues* who are unwilling to lose any opportunity of displaying their diamonds. I have always myself considered the fashion as an absurd one; it is in fact a mixture of court and cottage dress: we are, however, easily reconciled to those absurdities which fashion sanctions; witness the mixture of feathers and flowers in the hair, which you borrowed from us previous to the late mourning.

I must once more return to the promenade costume. I have just seen a new hat most whimsically decorated with a wreath of Marabout feathers mingled with flowers; there was a flower and a feather alternately.

Fashionable colours are, rose, *ponceau*, jonquil, citron, sky-blue, lilac, and green; and the flowers most in request are, violets, hyacinths, hearts-ease, blue-bells, roses, particularly those of Provence, and exotics. I must not forget to mention, that a most appropriate and lady-like wrapping-cloak has just been introduced: it is intended to serve as an envelope for full-dressed *belles* to go to dress-parties, the opera, &c.; and is so contrived, that no part of the dress can be deranged by it: it is a long silk mantle, which reaches almost to the feet; is always of a dark colour, and is lined with pink or blue sarsnet: a large hood, which is similar in form to your *chapeau bras*, is affixed to it. The lady who first introduced this cloak, had it made in a colour which I cannot better describe, than by telling you it resembles coffee boiled in milk: it is a good winter colour, but not at all appropriate to the present season, and by no means a becoming hue to the generality of French belles. Adieu! Truly your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 27.—DRAPERIES FOR A DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW.

A PALADIAN window of three divisions is here proposed to be decorated by curtains of blue and lilac silk and taffeta: as these colours have affinity to each other, the lilac being a mixture of blue and red, they need contrast and harmonizing by some other colour: thus, for this purpose gilt carved supports, gold-coloured lines, tassels, fringes, and trimmings, are liberally introduced, being alike harmonious with the lilac and the blue.

The white transparent curtains are suspended in plain masses, for the purpose of general relief, rendering the whole brilliantly effective, by such means as painters employ when they introduce the three primitive colours and white in combination, to obtain a high degree of splendour by simple arrangements.

The leading drapery is properly the blue, which displays large festoons; whilst the lilac takes a subordinate part in lesser swags and folds; these are again relieved by the broad forms of the sub-curtains, whose texture secures them from a heavy appearance.

This design is well imagined, and in execution is particularly effective. Mr. Stafford of Bath has permitted its publication, to whose taste we are already much indebted for several designs of fashionable furniture.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.

(From *The Monastery*, by the Author of "Waverly.")

You shall have my history, sir (it will not reach to three volumes), before that of my manuscript; and as you usually throw out a few lines of verse (by way of skirmishers, I suppose,) at the head of each division of prose, I have had the luck to light upon a stanza in the school-master's copy of Burns, which describes me exactly. I love it the better, because it was originally designed for Captain Grose, an excellent antiquary, though, like yourself, somewhat too apt to treat with levity his own pursuits.

'Tis said he was a soldier bred,
And one wad rather fa'an than fled;
But now he has quit the spurtle blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

I never could conceive what influenced me, when a boy, in the choice of a profession. Military zeal and ardour it was not, which made me stand out for a commission in the Scots Fusileers, when my tutors and curators wished to bind me apprentice to old David Stiles, clerk to his Majesty's signet. I say, military zeal it was *not*; for I was no fighting boy in my own person, and cared not a penny to read the history of the heroes who turned the world upside down in former ages. As for courage, I had, as I have since discovered, just as much of it as served my turn, and not one grain of surplus. I soon found out, indeed, that in action there was more danger in running away than in standing; and besides, I could not afford to lose my commission, which was my chief means of support. But as for that overboiling valour which I have heard many of *ours* talk of, though I seldom observed that it influenced them in the actual affairs—that exuberant zeal which courts danger as a bride, truly my courage was of a complexion much less ecstatical.

The love of a red coat, which, in default of all other aptitudes to the profession, has made many a bad soldier, and some good ones, was an utter stranger to my disposition. I cared not a "bodle" for the company of the misses: nay, though there was a boarding-school in the village, and though we used to meet with its fair inmates at Simon Lightfoot's weekly, practising,

I cannot recollect any strong emotions being excited on those occasions, excepting the infinite regret with which I went through the polite ceremonial of presenting my partner with an orange, thrust into my pocket by my aunt for this special purpose, but which, had I dared, I certainly would have secreted for my own personal use. As for vanity, or love of finery itself, I was such a stranger to it, that the difficulty was great to make me brush my coat, and appear in proper trim upon parade. I shall never forget the rebuke of my old colonel, on a morning when the king reviewed a brigade of which we made a part: "I am no friend to extavagance, Ensign Clutterbuck," said he; "but, on the day when we are to pass before the sovereign of the kingdom, in the name of God, I would have at least shewn him an inch of clean linen."

Thus a stranger to all the ordinary motives which lead young men to make the army their choice, and without the least desire to become either a hero or a dandy, I really do not know what determined my thoughts that way, unless it were the happy state of half-pay indolence enjoyed by Captain Doolittle, who had set up his staff of rest in my native village. Every other person had, or seemed to have, something to do, less or more. They did not indeed precisely go to school and learn tasks, that last of evils in my estimation; but it did not escape my boyish observation, that they were all bothered with something or other like duty or labour—all but the happy Captain Doolittle. The minister had his parish to visit, and his preaching to prepare, though perhaps he made more fuss than he needed about both. The laird had his farming and improving operations to superintend; and besides, he had to attend trustee-meetings, and lieutenancy-meetings, and head-courts, and meetings of justices and what not—was as early up (that I always detested), and as much in the open air, wet and dry, as his own grieve. The shopkeeper (the village boasted but one of eminence) stood indeed partly much at his ease behind his counter, for his custom was by no means overburthensome; but still he enjoyed his *status*, as the bailie calls it, upon condition of tumbling all the wares in his booth over and over, when any one chose to want a yard of muslin, a mouse-trap, an ounce of carraways, a paper of pins, the Sermons of Mr. Pedin, or the Life of Jack the Giant-queller (not killer, as usually erroneously written and pronounced.—See my essay on the true history of this worthy, where real facts have in a peculiar degree been obscured by fable). In short, all in the village were under the necessity of doing something which they would rather have left undone, excepting Captain Doolittle, who walked every morning in the open street, which formed the high-mall of our village, in a blue coat with a red neck, and played at whist the whole evening when he could make up a party. This happy vacuity of all employment appeared to me so delicious, that it became the primary hint, which, according to the system of Helvetius, as the minister says, determined my infant talents towards the profession I was destined to illustrate.

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS.

CENOTAPH TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

We congratulate the admirers of art, as well as the numerous subscribers to the fund devoted to this purpose, upon the completion, by Mr. Wyatt, of the monumental group commemorative of the late Princess Charlotte: when we say, that it is completed, we ought to make an exception of the Infant, who is to be borne in the arms of one of the Angels accompanying the spiritual form of the Princess.

As a whole, it is most striking and impressive, while the beauty of the separate parts will bear the strictest examination. It is divided (as far as there can be said to be division in a performance where the unity of effect is so perfect) into two parts, celestial and earthly: the first consists of the disembodied spirit of the Princess, in an attitude calculated for the display of all the graces of person, and the beauty of countenance, attended by kindred angelic forms, on its progress to its native regions; while below, the mortal remains are represented as reposing, cold and lifeless, on a bier. It is surrounded by four figures, quite enveloped in solemn drapery, expressive of the deep lamentation of the inhabitants of all quarters of the globe. Our readers will readily perceive a great propriety in the latter part of this arrangement: the folds of the drapery do not interfere with the needful display of form; and to have given to the figures the personal appearance of inhabitants of the four quarters of the globe, would not only have been a vulgarism unworthy of the high talents and refined taste of Mr. Wyatt, but the awful impression produced upon the mind could never have been so great by the representation of features, however expressive of grief, agony, or despair.

On this subject, our readers will soon have an opportunity of deciding for themselves, as the Cenotaph will shortly be thrown open to public inspection, and an engraving of it will at the same time be published by the accomplished sculptor.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAITS.

The portraits of eminent personages upon which Sir Thomas Lawrence, now President of the Royal Academy, has been so long engaged for the collection of his Majesty, have deservedly excited strong interest, from the artist's acknowledged superiority of talent in the treatment of these subjects. It was expected that the public curiosity would have been gratified by the display of these performances in the approaching Exhibition at Somerset-House. As we learn, however, that they will not there be submitted to public view, we shall endeavour to compensate our readers in some measure for the delay, by presenting them with a few remarks upon these portraits, penned by a

German critic, during Sir Thomas's residence in the Austrian capital.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was sent, as is well known, to the Continent by his present Majesty, to paint the portraits of the allied monarchs, and of the generals and statesmen who have acted the most prominent parts in the glorious events of our times, for the purpose of being placed in Carlton-House, and serving as memorials of the merits of those distinguished personages. With this view, the artist repaired from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna, where the superiority of his talents excited universal admiration. His portraits breathe together, with the most surprising truth, a life that a rich fancy alone could have thus called forth from colours; they possess a certain poetic character, like the spirited portraitures of a drama, and in their faithful representation, the artist exhibits himself as a poetic painter. In this expression, which sets before us every face in the most brilliant moments, and in all its individuality, the most eminent of modern portrait-painters are, in our opinion, left far behind by Sir Thomas Lawrence; for, to say nothing of Germans, not even Gerard, with all his well-earned reputation, can be placed in competition with him. As, however, according to the observation of Pope,

> Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
> Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be:

so, in the present instance, we are compelled to admit, that, with all their excellencies, the works of the English artist present some slight defects, which we shall briefly notice. His pieces, partly finished and partly unfinished, exhibited at Vienna, were the following:

The Emperor of Austria, the size of life. Strenuously as the enthusiasm and ingenuity of native and foreign artists have exerted themselves to place the image of the beloved father of his country before the eyes of his people, yet in none of their productions is that serene repose and cheerful dignity which pervade his countenance, so correctly expressed as in this picture. As, however, the monarch is represented seated in an arm-chair, the eye is for this very reason the more struck with various defects in the proportions of the body, as in the thigh for example.

His present Majesty the King of Great Britain, standing, in the decorations of the order of the Garter. The effect of this large figure, remarkable for manly beauty, is greatly heightened by the antique costume; and for keeping and careful execution, it is perhaps the best of these pieces.

His Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles; the head only finished, and treated with equal genius and truth. The features possess in the highest degree all their striking individuality.

Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Charles. The artist has here shewn that grace and delicacy are equally at the command of his pencil, and has produced an uncommonly attractive picture. While the rose at the bosom may serve as a symbol of those qualities, the unaffected attitude and gentle movement of the arms combine loveliness and dignity.

Prince Schwarzenberg. It is a difficult task to represent generals of modern times in a satisfactory manner in their full dignity; either truth or beauty suffers, and this discordance is always injurious to art. The British painter seems to have felt, but not to have entirely overcome this difficulty. The prince, in his general's uniform, with one foot advanced, is looking to the right; he holds the truncheon in his extended right hand, while the mantle falls over it in folds, and expands in the background. So accurate a resemblance has never yet been attained in any picture, not excepting the performances of even Gerard of Paris. The artist has, with originality, and the most careful study, combined the cool judgment and decisive resolution of the warrior, with the expression of intelligence, which plays upon the eloquent mouth and in the animated eye. The attitude of the upper part of the body is noble, but the whole figure is not sufficiently imposing.

Prince Metternich, a three-quarters figure. Exquisite fidelity in the delineation of the features, and delicacy of execution, leave nothing to be desired.

Prince Blücher of Wahlstatt, as large as life. Striking as is the resemblance of this face, still in none of his figures has the painter been less happy; for, in the inclined body, and the faintly extended right arm, we see only the old man, not the bold advancing warrior, of whom the left hand, resting on the hilt of the sword, but feebly reminds us.

We proceed the more willingly to the portrait of Princess Clementine Metternich, daughter of the minister, which has extorted undivided applause. The lovely face resembles in its regular beauty the ideal of an angel. The blendings of the colours and the soft splendour diffused over the whole cannot be sufficiently admired. The artist has in this performance afforded a triumphant proof, how far he has penetrated into the inmost sanctuary of the art; how well, in his ideal excursions, he can avoid overstepping the faint boundary line; and how ably he can transfer the very form and features of the original to his heightened delineations.

Among the other portraits, we shall mention that of the Duke of Wellington, which is an astonishing likeness; and those of Lord Stewart, Generals Czernitscheff and Uwaroff, and Count Capo d'Istria. We cannot forbear referring also to those of Canova, the sculptor, and an old English nobleman, because both attest extraordinary skill in the adaptation of colours, and the latter in particular, the most studious attention to the finer lines of age.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE.

Mr. Haydon's picture is at length finished; it is now exhibiting at Mr. Bullock's Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Like all works which have been much and very unnecessarily talked of by anticipation, Mr. Haydon's picture has to contend with extreme opinions: his friends extol the work with enthusiasm; while there are others who,

expecting impossibilities, see little in the picture either to justify the time it has cost the artist, or to sustain the sanguine promises of his admirers, which were held out to so unqualified an extent.

The verses from which the subject of this picture is more immediately taken, are from St. Luke, chap. xix. and from St. John, chap. xii. v. 15. Fear not, daughter of Zion; behold the King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.

St. Luke, chap. xix. v. 36. And as he went, they spread their clothes in the way.—37. And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen:—38. Saying, blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.—39. And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude, said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples.—40. And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

In the whole range of sacred history, there cannot be found a more sublime subject than that described by these verses, or one more calculated to call forth the developement of great powers from an artist, and impress the mind of a spectator with more reverence and awe. Our Saviour is represented entering the city of Jerusalem, dispensing miraculous blessings to those around him in his passage, and led on in triumph by crowds who spread their garments on the ground before him, praising God for all the wonderous works which they had seen. The artist, in handling this subject, has mingled episodes on each side of the principal figure, consonant with the spirit of Christianity, and introduced some of the most prominent characters of the Gospel: many of them are extremely interesting, and arranged with great skill and effect. Mr. Haydon has, in his Catalogue, given a very elaborate description of his picture, and of every character and form of expression which he meant by his figures to convey. What were his intentions, he has clearly described himself; and left, with justice and propriety, to those who survey his picture, to estimate the degree of success that has attended his efforts. The figure of our Saviour is imposing and grand, and his divine features are represented in a new and different manner from the other representations of them given by the old masters. Perhaps it is the novelty of this aspect, so different from that which we have long been accustomed to admire, that prevents us from being struck with that awful grandeur of sentiment, which Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci do not fail to infuse in their representations of the divine object of a Christian's reverence. Mr. Haydon observes in his Catalogue:

"What every one must feel is, that this is a new and different aspect for his character from any other; and it is the moment that follows his triumphant approach, and precedes his pathetic lamentation over the city, that it is wished to develope by his air and appearance. If it be totally differ-

ent from other representations of his divinity, let not those who are the judges, decide it is wrong because it is different; let them think a little before they decide, as the painter thought a little before it was painted; and as his life will be devoted principally to Christian subjects, there is yet opportunity to paint all the various feelings in which his divine nature displayed itself. He will endeavour to shew in future pictures his moments of love and agony, as well as those of elevated and prophetic deity. How does he feel the miserable incompetency of his own imagination, who struggles to see that face, in which all that is visible of the Deity is reflected!".

We are glad to hear that Mr. Haydon, who has already devoted so much of his time to the study of historic painting, is determined to pursue the noble example of the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, and devote his talents to subjects so well calculated to improve the moral and religious feelings of his country. The arts are a noble engine for upholding the dignity of christian sentiment; and nothing can be more gratifying, than to see that, in this country at least, our artists eagerly lend their aid to promote so wise and beneficent a purpose. Mr. Haydon's picture must be seen before it can be adequately described, and we have not room, if it were essential, to go into an elaborate detail of its parts. We hail its production as being most flattering to the rising school of our country; and though, upon some parts of it, opinions are divided, and principally respecting the expression of the chief figure, and the introduction of the portraits in the manner they are here introduced; yet, still it has an undoubted and high claim upon our favour, from the natural arrangement of the grouping, the depth and tone of the back-ground, the fine colouring, and equally forcible expression, which are diffused over so large a space of the canvas, and the abundance of affecting character which the artist has pourtrayed in the delineation of this grand and sublime subject. Many of Mr. Haydon's earlier pictures are also in this Exhibition, and we earnestly hope that the interest which has been taken in his new picture, will stimulate him to further efforts, and render us more familiar with the labours of his pencil.

EXHIBITION IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

The sixteenth annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours opened at the close of last month; we are therefore precluded from devoting that attention to it in the present month which its character and merits deserve. The present Exhibition is rather more numerous than the last, and it is not only an equally creditable specimen of the combined talents of this society, but developes a greater scope of the rising genius of some of our young artists, than we remember to have seen in the Spring Gardens Gallery on former occasions. The principal works are, as usual, land-

scapes, sketches, and some poetical subjects; with a number of those light, airy, decorative touches of the pencil, which, though they are not generally classed very high as works of art, in public exhibitions of pictures; yet, when looked into, are often found deserving of greater praise than they generally receive, and containing many of the requisite perfections which we eagerly seek in the wide range of graphic skill.

There are 382 pictures, &c. in this year's Exhibition; and we again regret, that the day or two left to us before the month's publication, precludes the possibility of our doing more than enumerating the works in an Exhibition well calculated to sustain the character of this society. Mr. Copley Fielding, the worthy secretary, is as usual a large contributor; he has no less than forty-three specimens of his powers as an artist in the Exhibition: many of them, as might be expected, are the hasty effusions of his pencil, but the great proportion reflect high credit upon his industry, and shew the strength as well as versatility of his powers. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Cox, Mr. Cristall, Mr. Prout, Messrs. C. and J. Varley, Mr. Robson, Mr. Linnell, Mr. Turner (of Oxford), Mr. Holmes, Mr. Smith, and last, not least, Mr. Stephanoff, have several pictures in their respective styles, which are well worth the attention of the public, or at least that part of it happily forming a wider circle every day, which considers the growth of the fine arts as nearly, if not inseparably, connected with the prosperity of the commerce and manufactures of this great country. Besides the gentlemen we have mentioned, the fair votaries of the fine arts have largely contributed to make this Exhibition attractive. Among them, we find Mrs. Fielding, Miss Gouldsmith, Miss Jones, Miss Kendrick, Miss Baker, Miss Byrne, Miss Collins, and a number of other ladies, whose talents are devoted to these useful and elegant studies. The exhibitors, exclusive of the regular members of the society, are this year very numerous, and comprise the names of many young artists of considerable promise. We regret that we cannot advert more particularly to their names and works in this number. The subject will, however, keep until our next number, when perhaps we may have space to make some observations on the general merits of the Exhibition.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

Miss Walsh has exhibited to the public during the past month, some of the most extensive specimens of painting on velvet yet produced in this country. These pieces, highly creditable to the talents and ingenuity of the fair artist, were ordered by the Persian ambassador, on the recommendation of the late Duke of Kent and other distinguished persons. They are intended as ornaments for Oriental couches, and are therefore appropriate to the sentiments and religion of the country; representing the sun, the primitive ob-

ject of the Persian worship; the lion, the representative of Mahomet; and flowers, the offspring of the sun, and the poetic emblem of Persian passions. The whole is executed with such exquisite taste and skill, that it is doubtful in which of these figures Miss Walsh has been most successful.

M. Isabey, the celebrated painter, frequently called the French Cosway, has arrived in London, for the purpose of exhibiting a collection of his own performances.

The Directors of the British Institution, with that zeal for the arts which has always distinguished them, and has induced them to make so many efforts for the encouragement and advancement of painting especially, intend to form a Collection of English Historical Portraits; and we can scarcely imagine a more interesting exhibition. A great number of fine pictures are, we understand, already collected for the purpose; but we are not yet informed when it will be sufficiently complete to be opened to the public.

Wednesday, the 12th of April, was the anniversary of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, when the Duke of Sussex presided over a very handsome entertainment. The subscriptions were most liberal, exceeding 400*l.* in the room.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. Ackermann proposes to publish this month, the first number of *Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video*, consisting of views, and faithful representations of the costumes, manners, &c. of the inhabitants of those cities and their environs, taken on the spot by E. E. Vidal, Esq.; accompanied with descriptive letter-press.

The first number of a *Picturesque Tour of the English Lakes*, will also appear at the same time. This work will be illustrated by 48 coloured views by Fielding and Walton, and accompanied with copious letter-press.

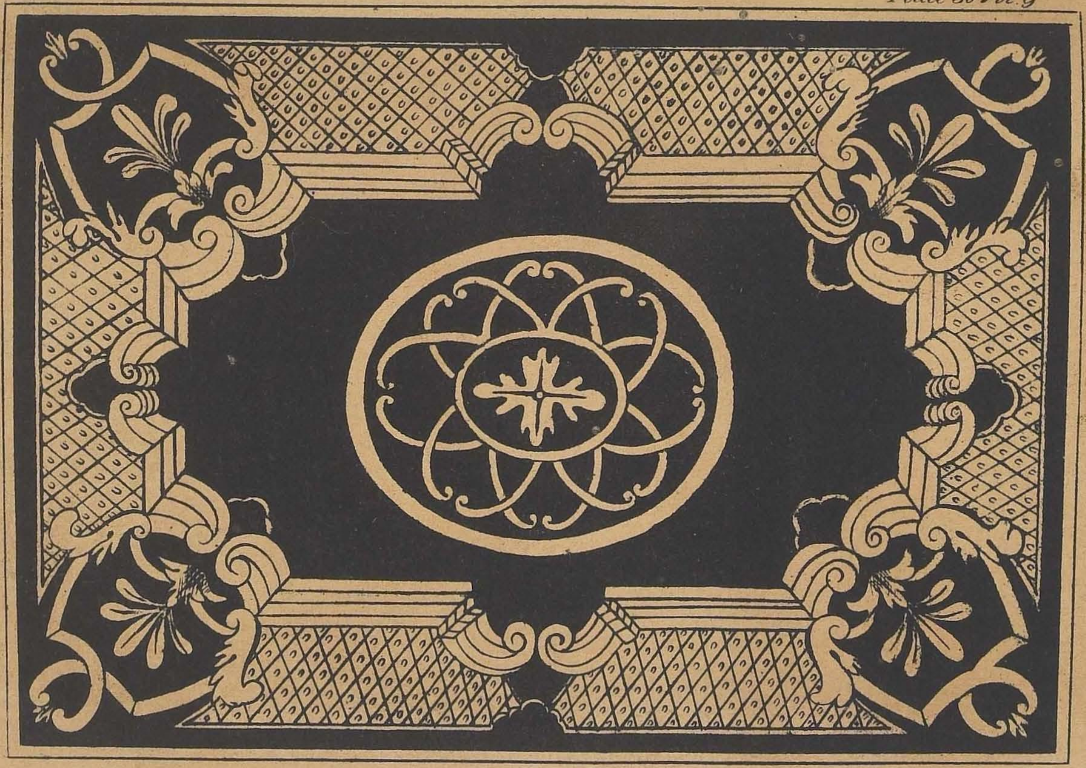
The Travels in England, Wales, and Scotland, in the year 1816, of Dr. Speker, librarian to his Majesty the King of Prussia, have been translated from the German, and will be published next month.

The Rev. John Davies, A. M. curate of Kew, is preparing a work, entitled *Historical Prologues*, or a versified Chronology of Events from the Conquest to the death of George III. The object of this work is to faciliate an acquaintance with the leading outline of the annals of our own country.

Mr. Curtis will commence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, early this month, at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.

An ingenious mechanical invention has lately been completed by Mr. J. Purkis, which offers a new and inexhaustible source of information to those who are afflicted by the privation of sight. It is called a *duplex typograph*, and enables the blind to receive and communicate ideas by means of letters, upon a principle adapted to the sense of feeling.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.



BLACK AND WHITE PATTERN